

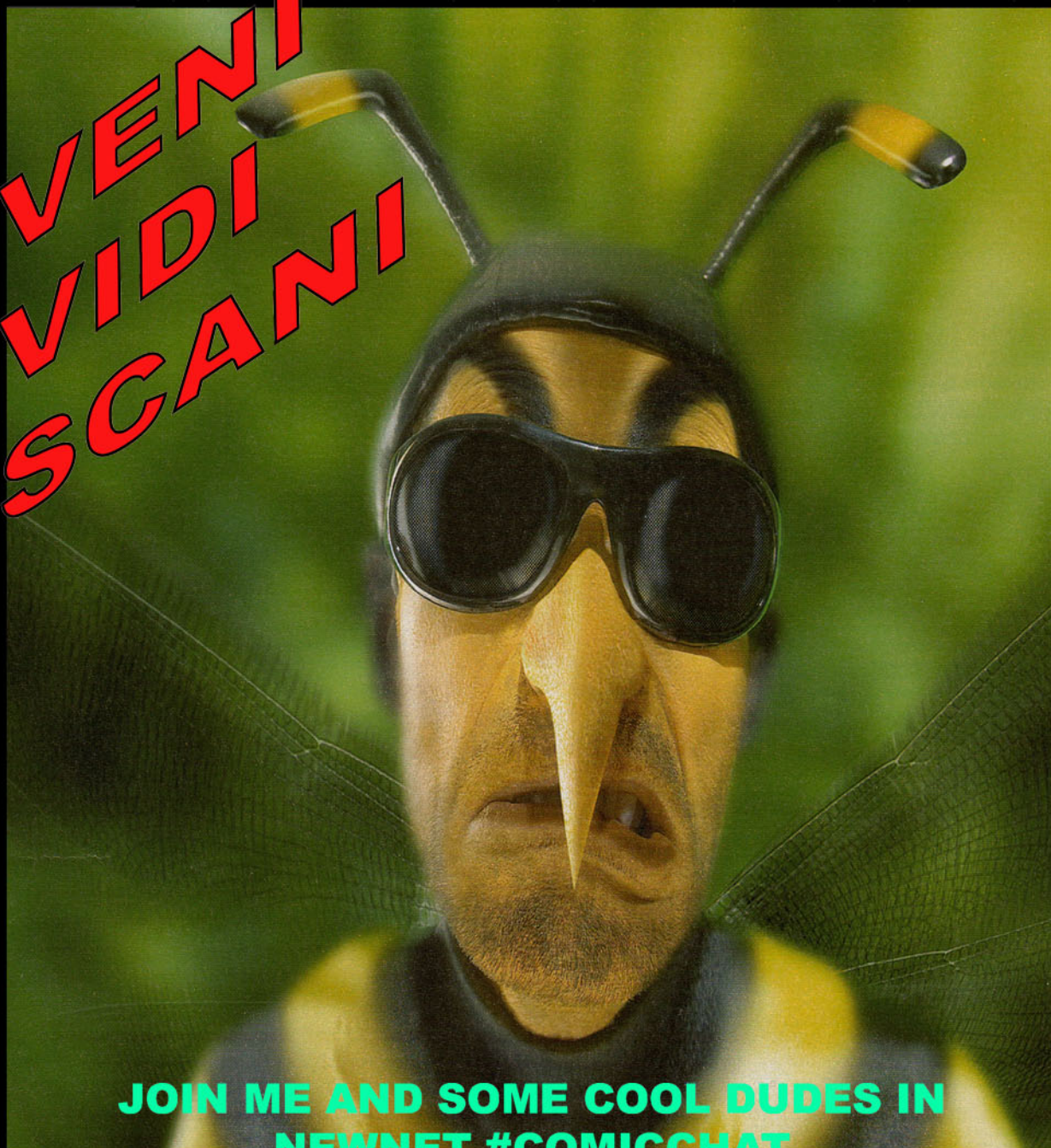


SCANS OF SUSPENSE
featuring



BUMBLEBEE-MAN

**VENI
VIDI
SCANI**



**JOIN ME AND SOME COOL DUDES IN
NEWNET #COMICCHAT**



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

EGBERT

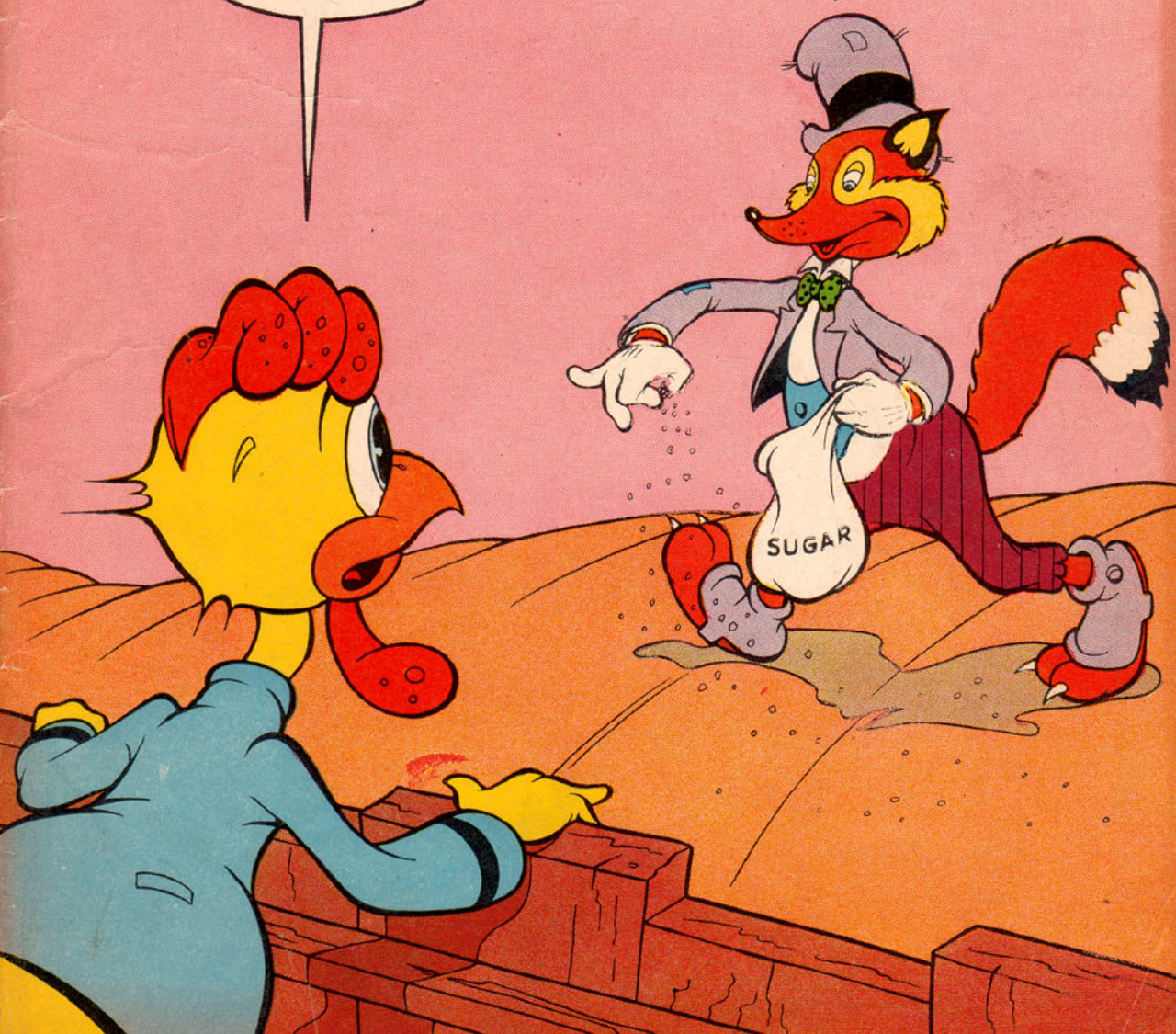
SM
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QUALITY
COMIC
BOOKS

AUTUMN
ISSUE
No. 7

10¢

COUNT, WHY ARE
YOU SPRINKLING
SUGAR IN YOUR
GARDEN?

I'M PLANTING SWEET
POTATOES, EGBERT!



WANTED! Skinny Weaklings to become HE-MEN

Let me PROVE I can make YOU TOUGH AS TARZAN

inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!
says *George F. Jowett*
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

Give me 10 Minutes a Day

Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, hand-somest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Molding a Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles. But better order all five courses for \$1.00!

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT. WHY DON'T YOU FOLLOW IN THEIR FOOTSTEPS!



A. PASSAMONT, Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.

REX FERRIS, Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he: "I owe everything to Jowett methods!" Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!



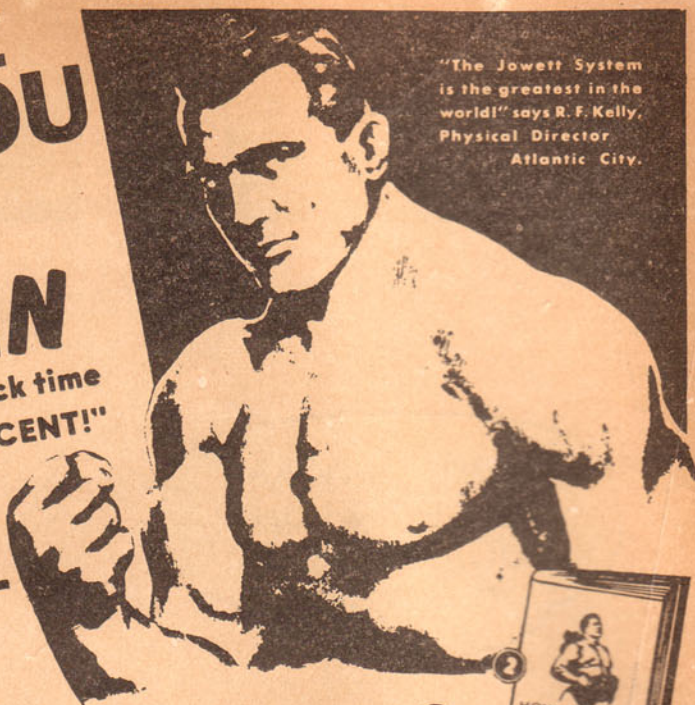
SEND FOR JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

FREE!



JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 Fifth Ave., Dept. Q-79 • New York 1, N. Y.



"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director Atlantic City.

BUILD A BODY YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

Send for These FIVE Famous Courses NOW in BOOK FORM ONLY 25c EACH or ALL 5 for \$1

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded! Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the FREE GIFT COUPON at once you receive a FREE copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."



FREE GIFT COUPON!

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 1, N. Y. DEPT. Q-79

George F. Jowett—Please send by return mail, prepaid, FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, along with courses checked below:

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> All 5 Picture Courses complete for which I enclose \$1.00 in full payment | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Chest, 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Molding Mighty Legs, 25c | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Arm, 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Grip, 25c | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Back, 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1.00 plus post.) no orders less than \$1, sent C.O.D. | |

NAME..... AGE.....
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY, INCLUDE ZONE NUMBER)

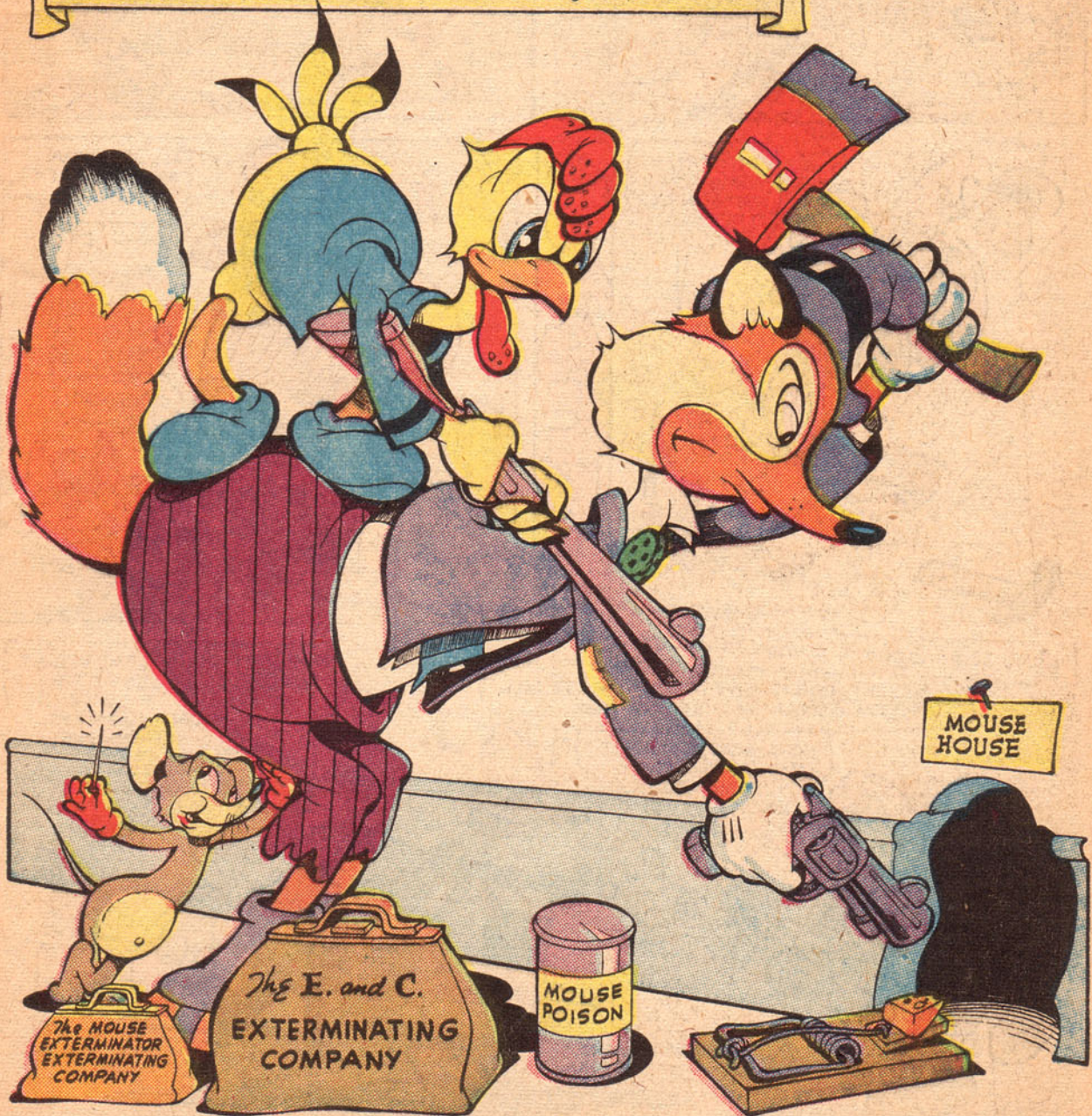
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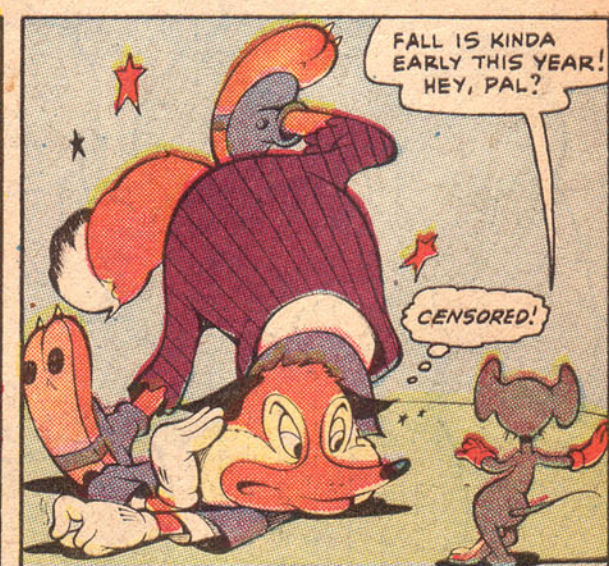
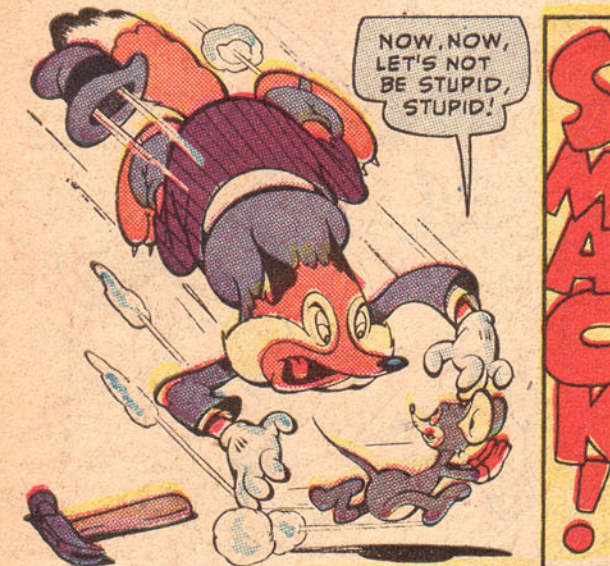
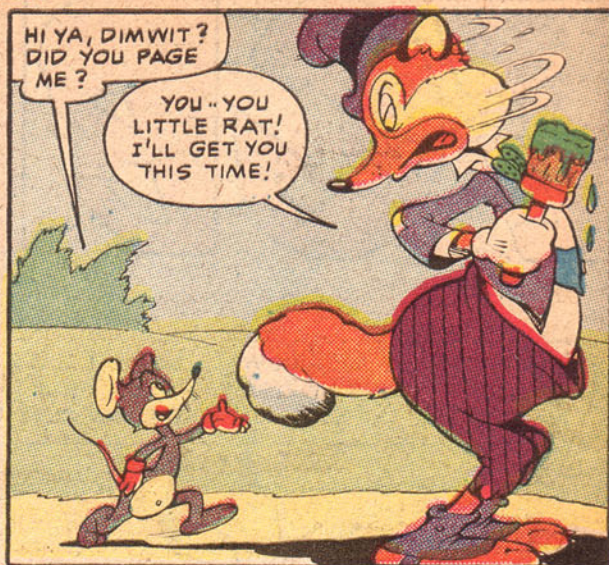
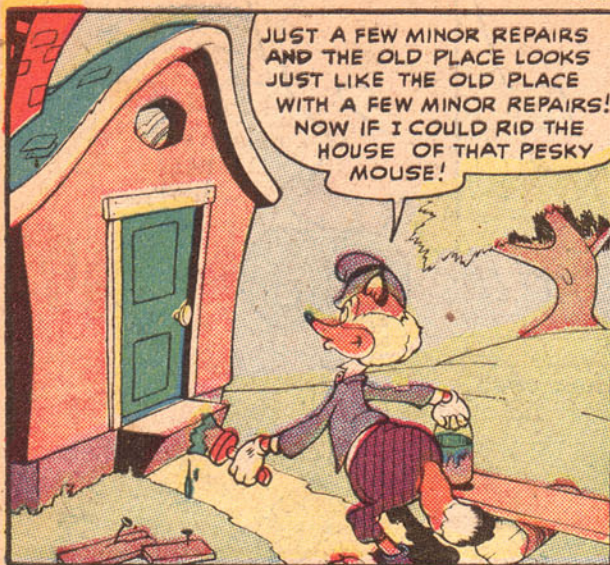
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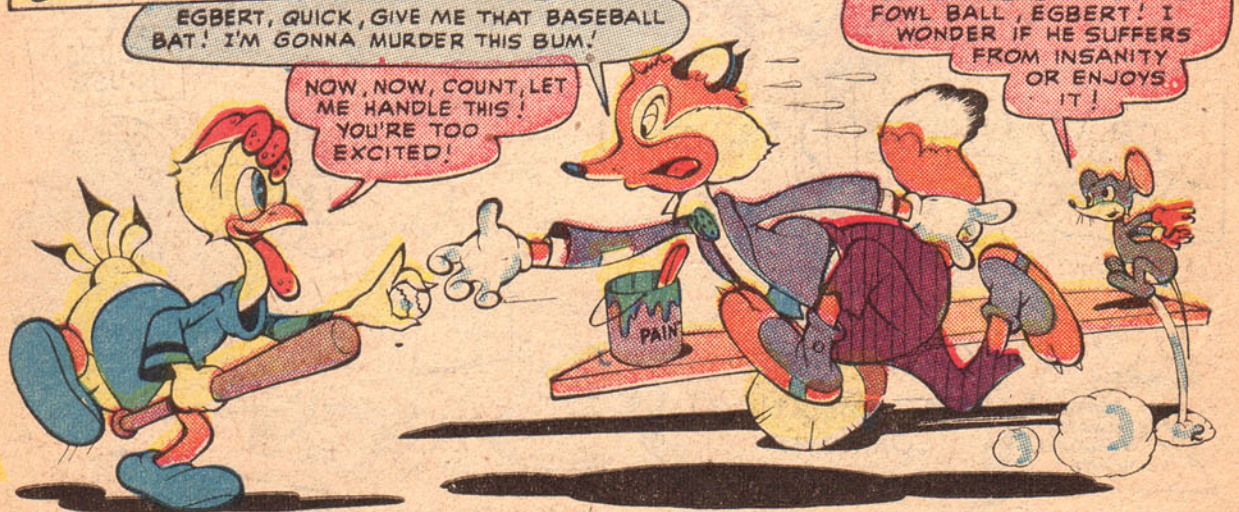
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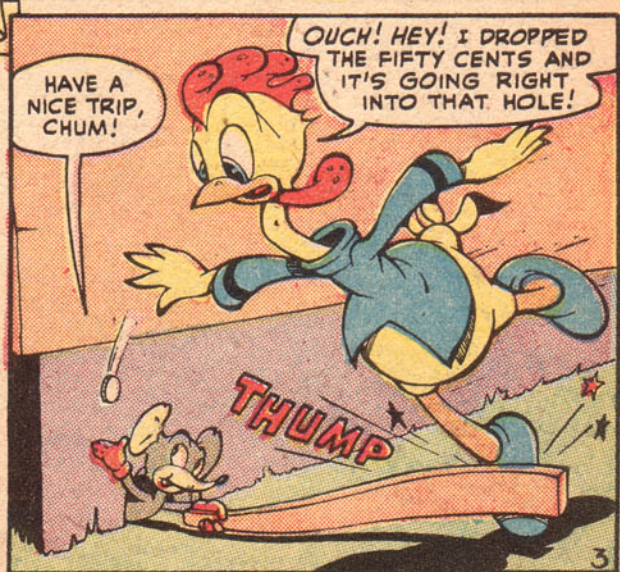
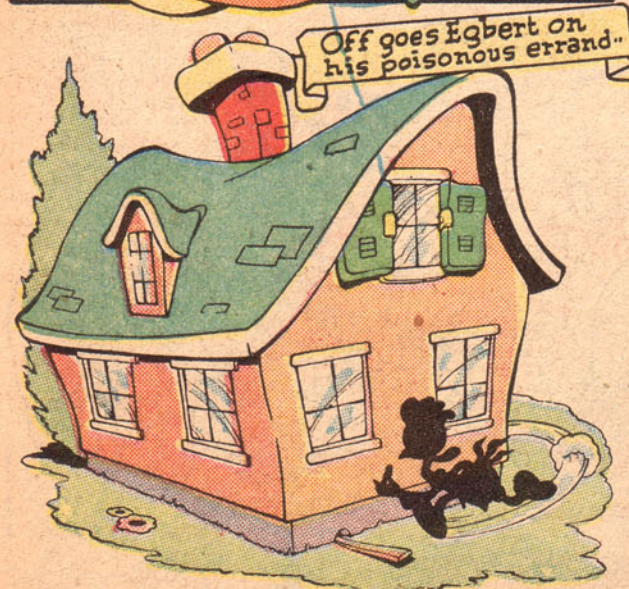
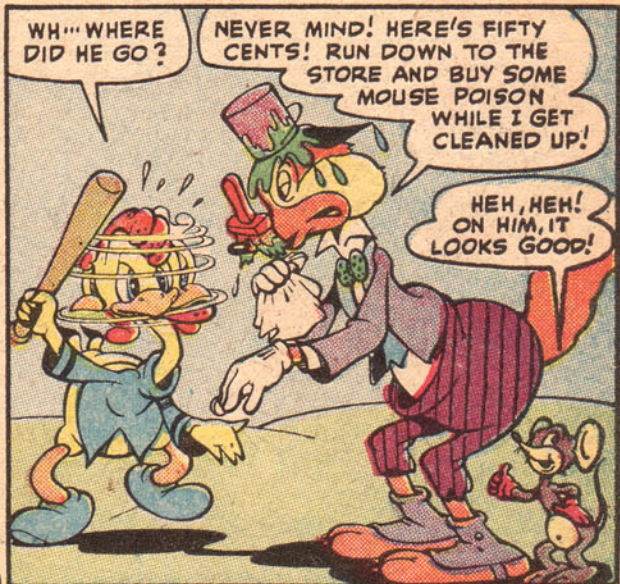
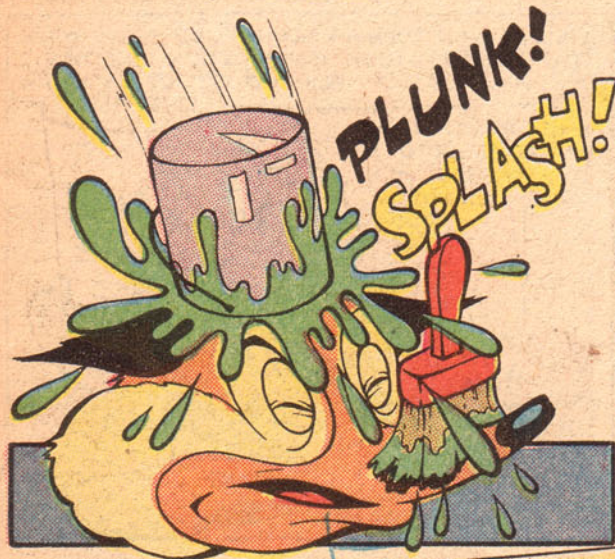
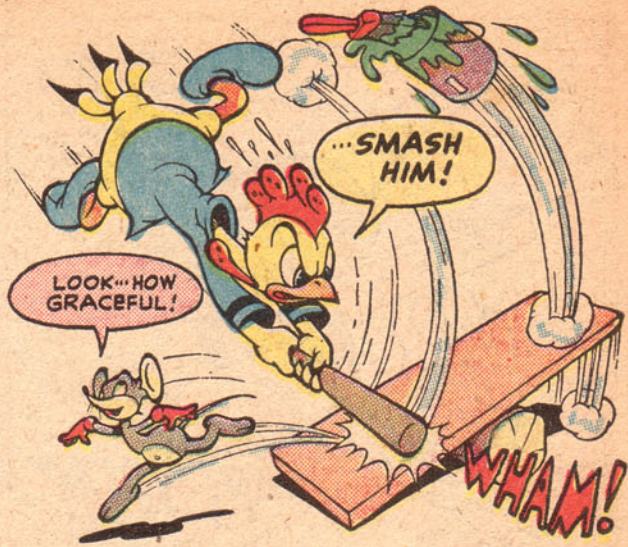
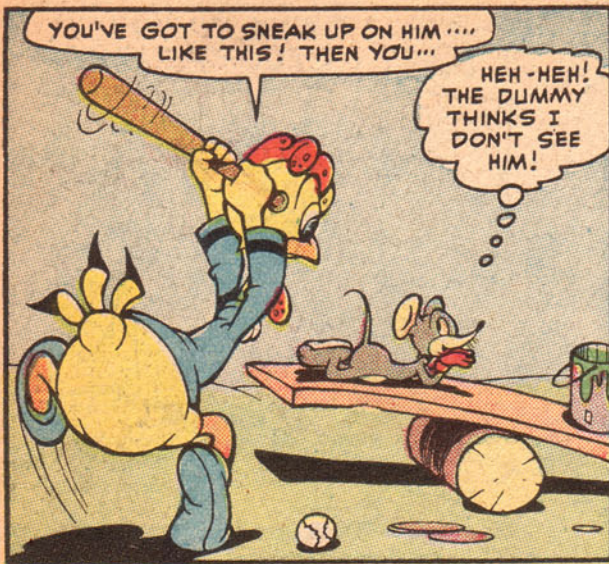
Do you have bats in your belfry? Ants in your pantry? A mouse in your house? You have? Then read this tale and you will know how *not* to get rid of mice!

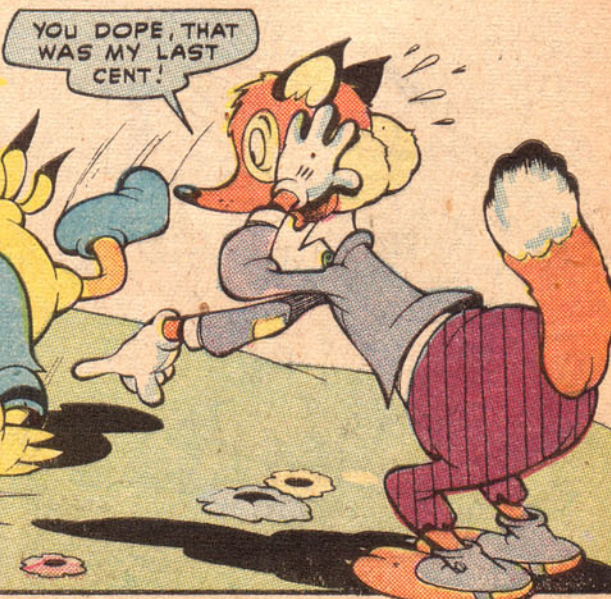
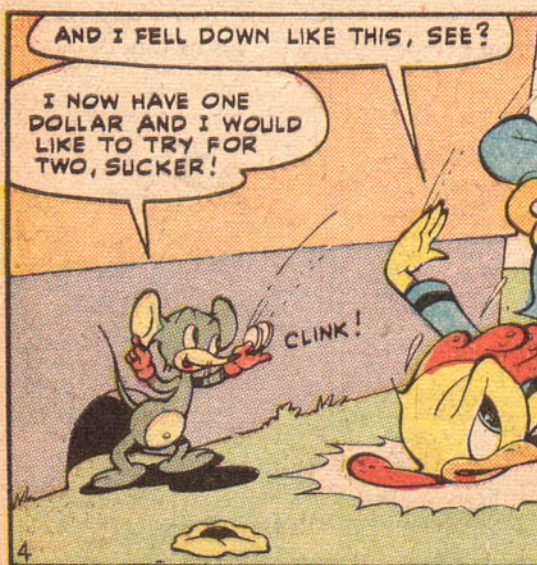
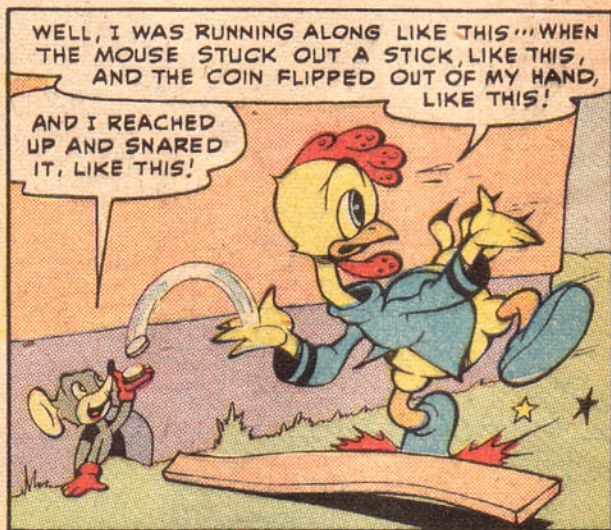
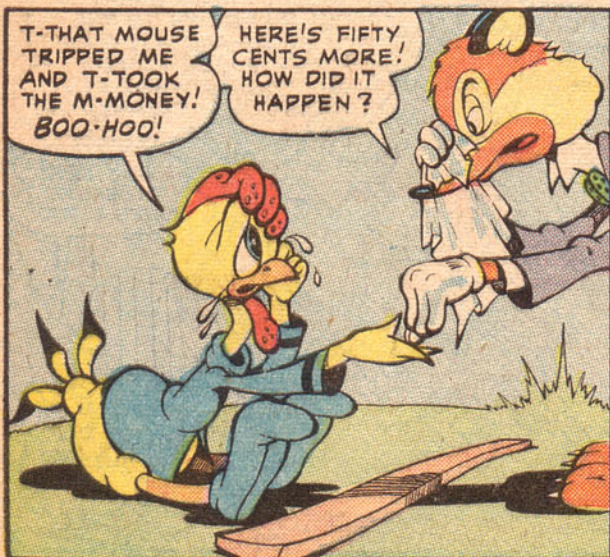
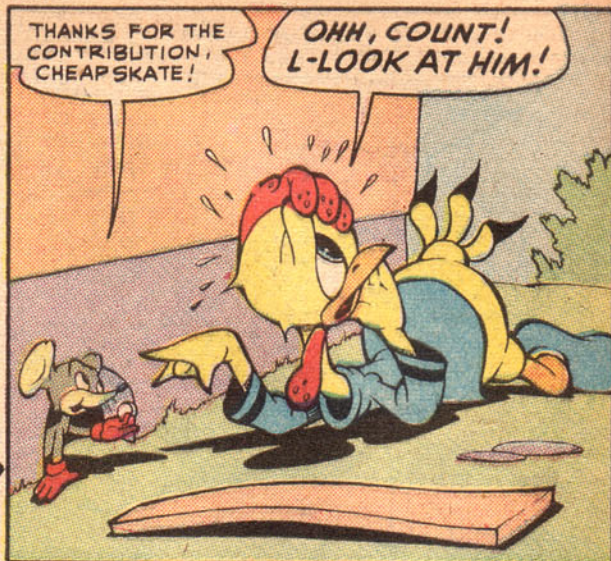
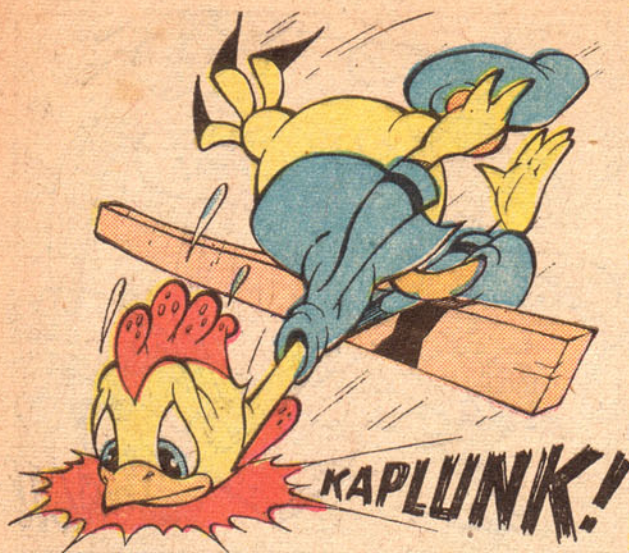


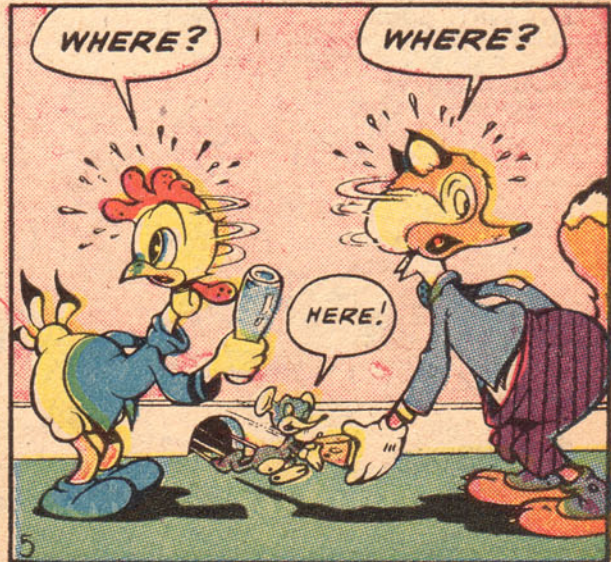
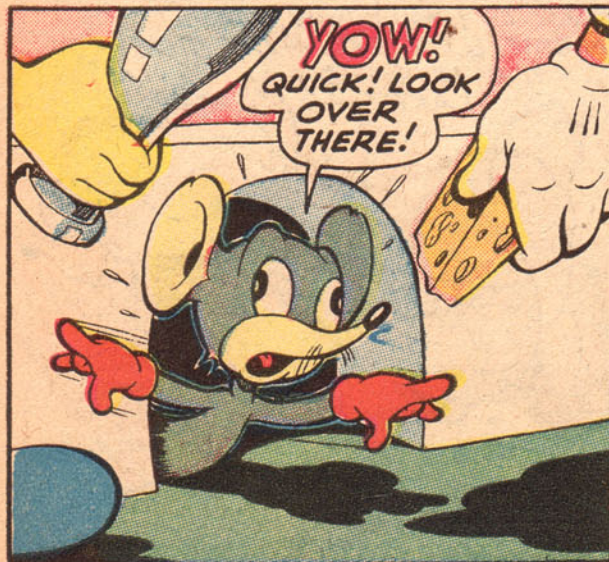
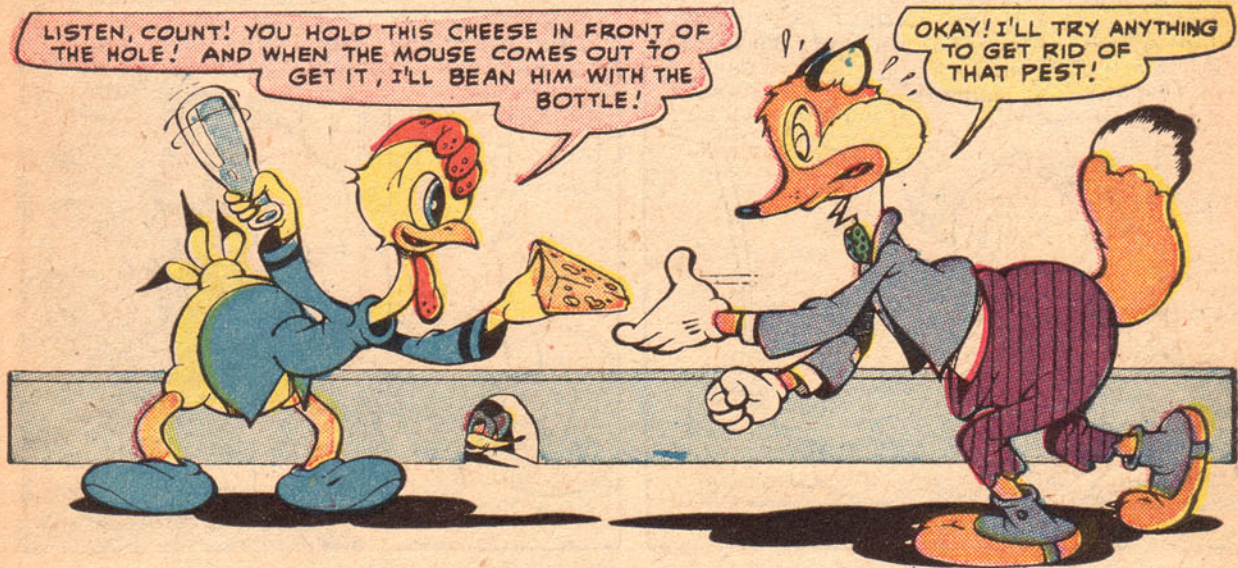
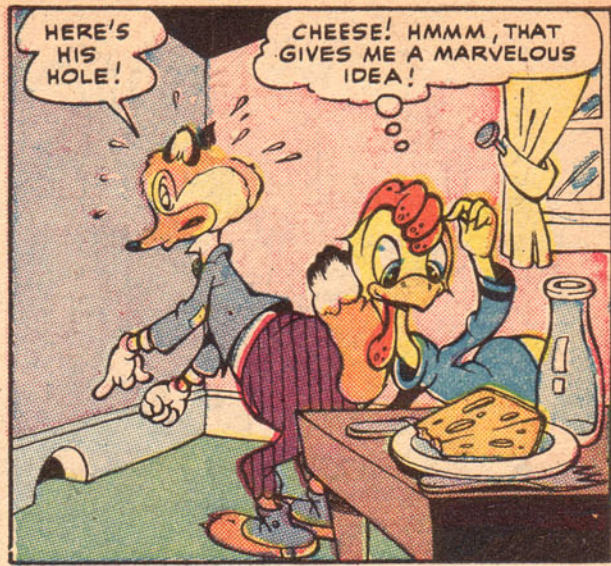
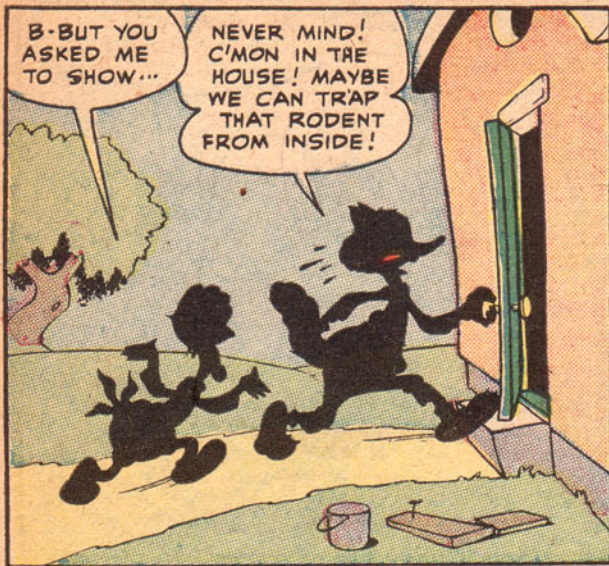


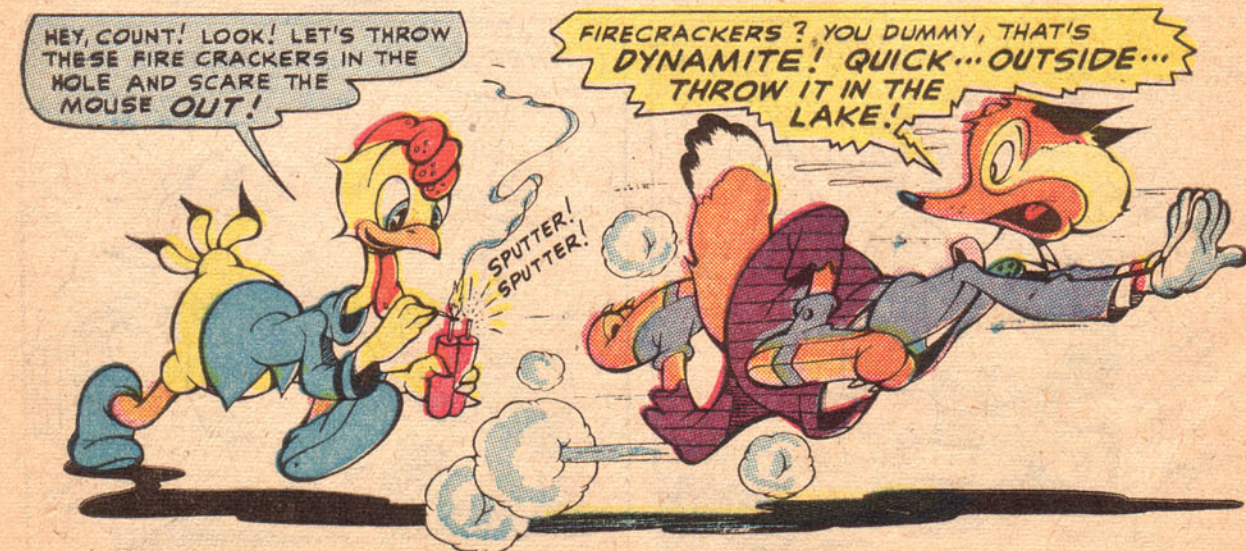
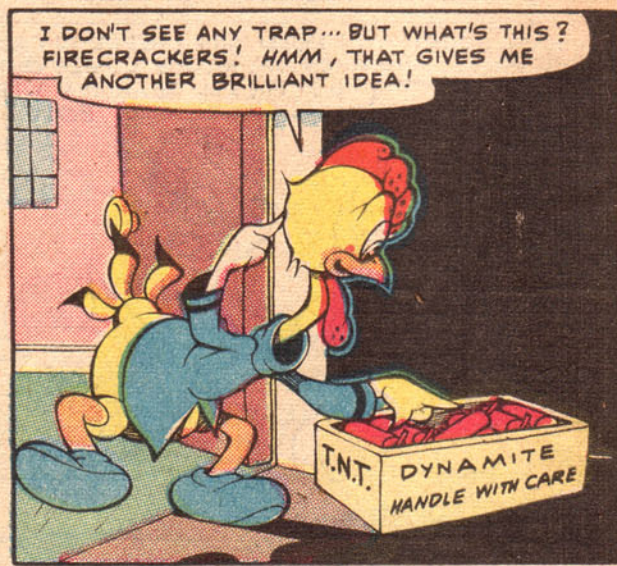
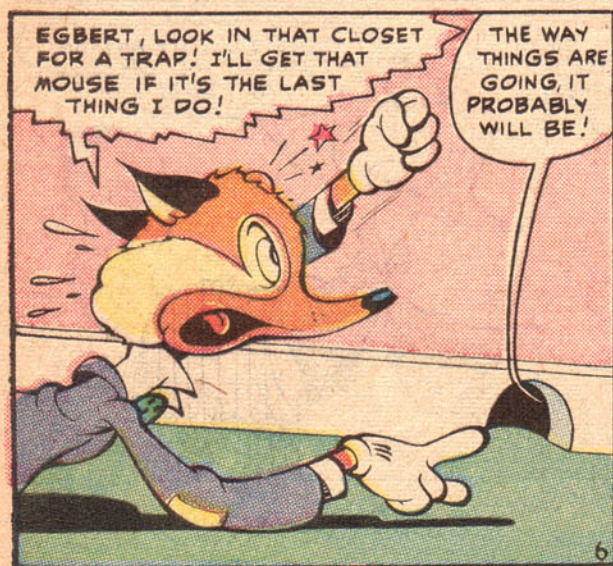
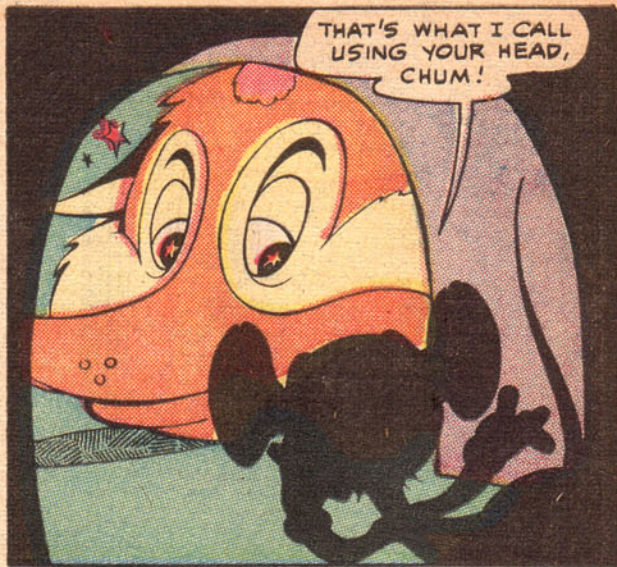
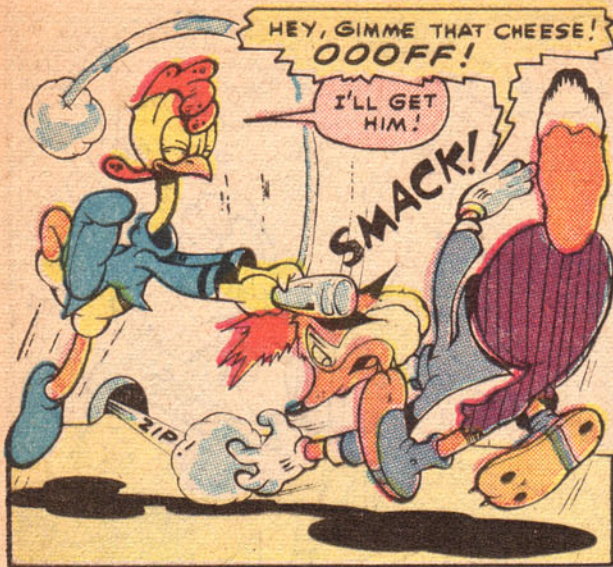
Just then, Egbert comes into sight...

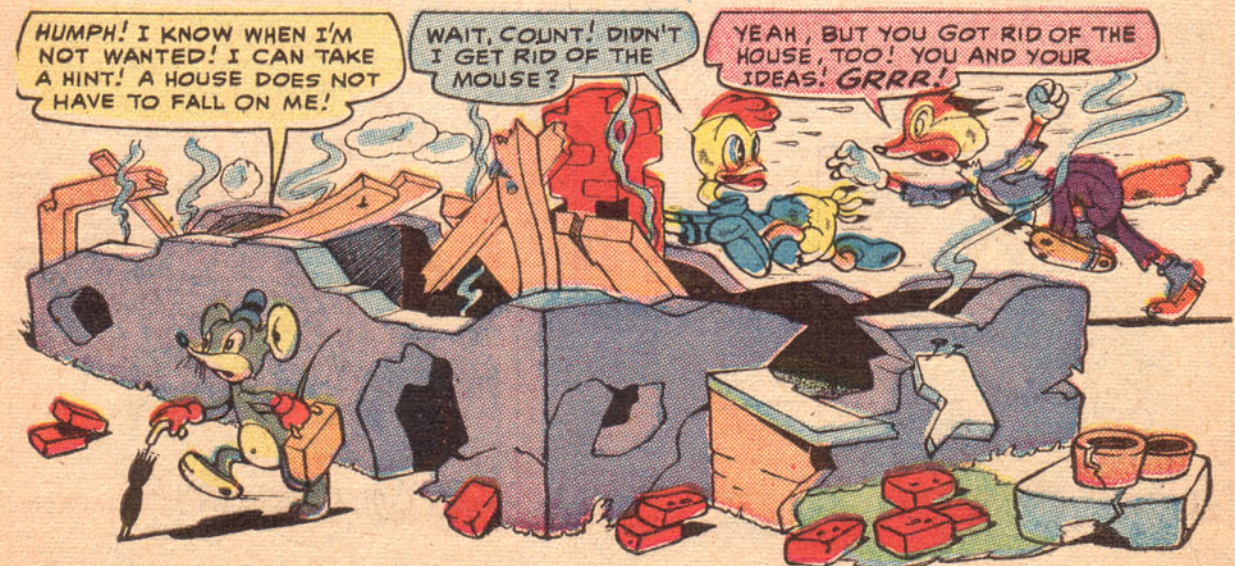
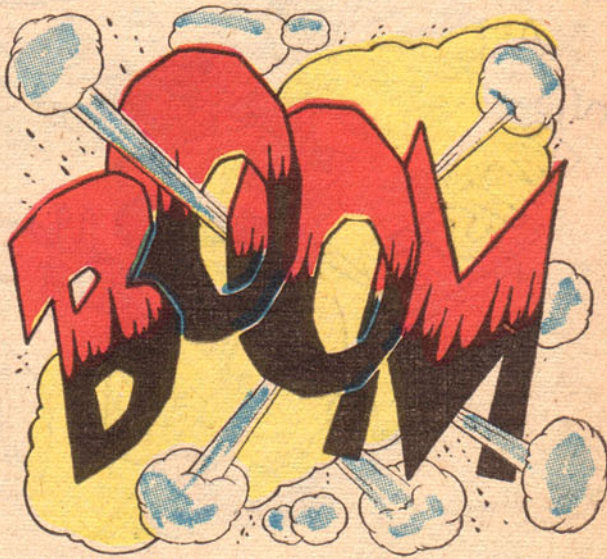
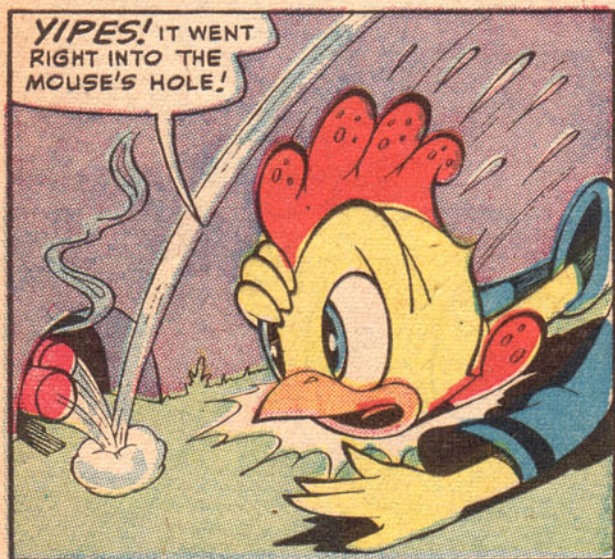
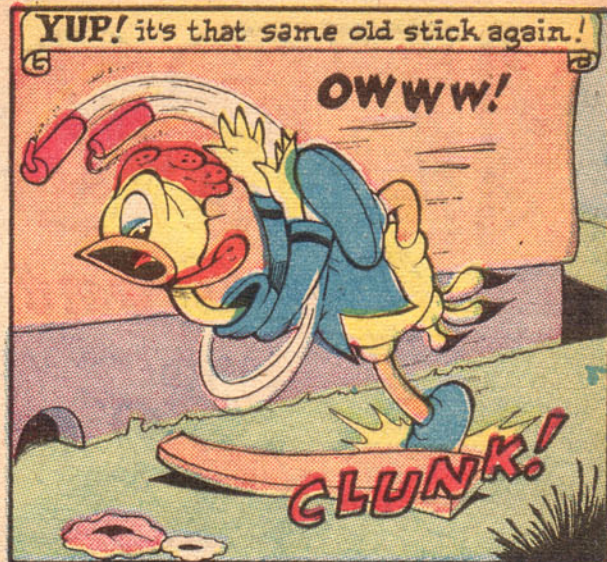
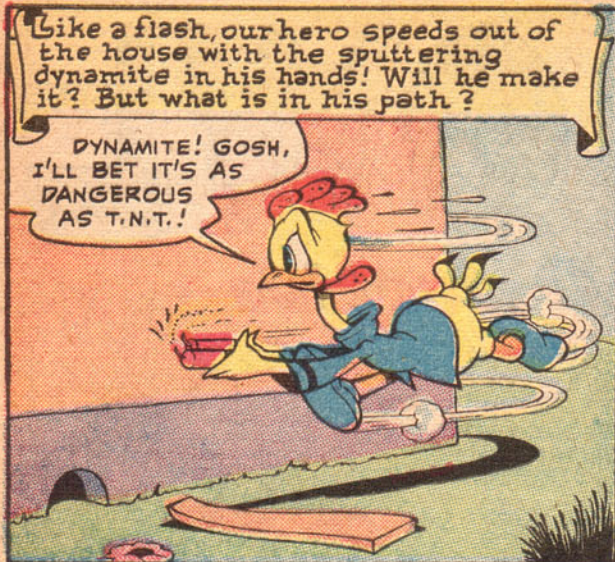






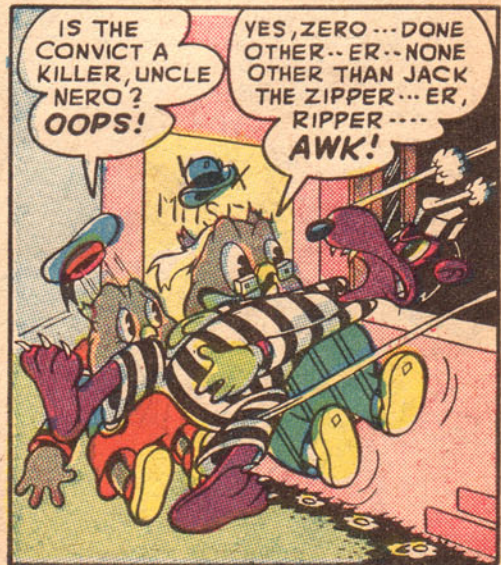
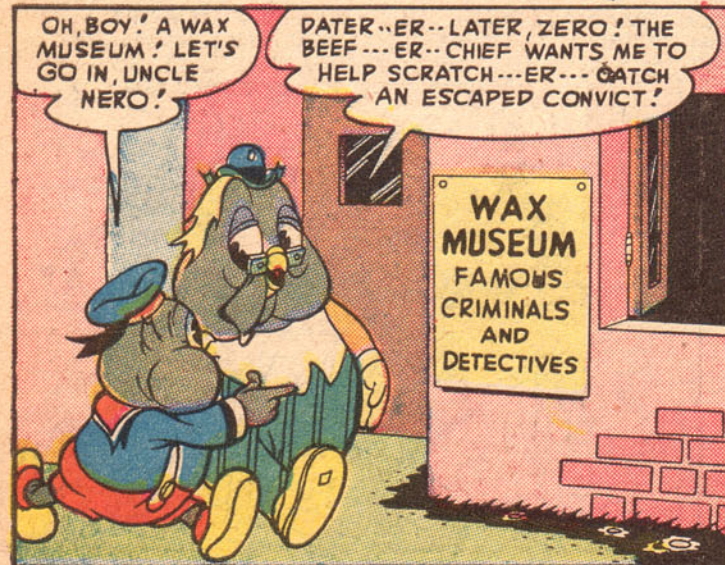
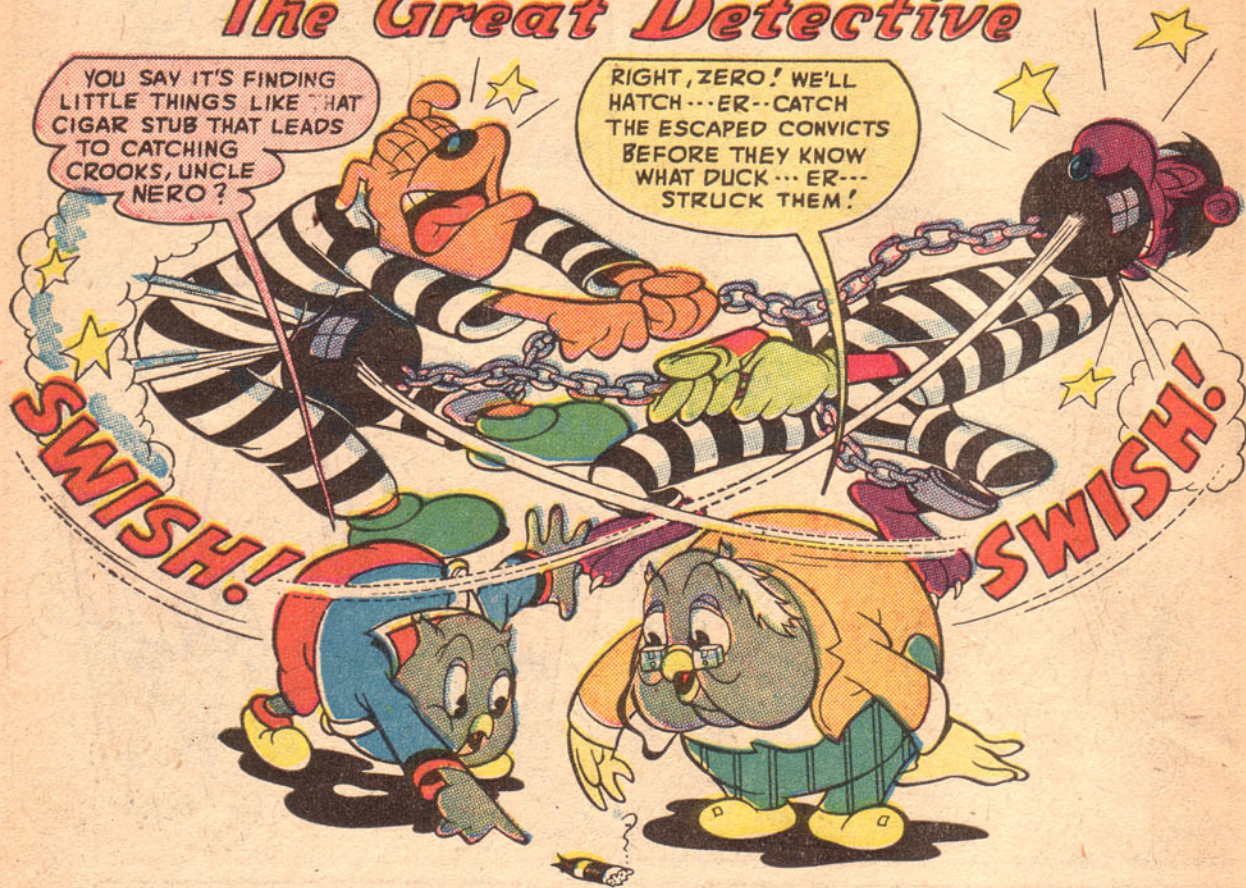


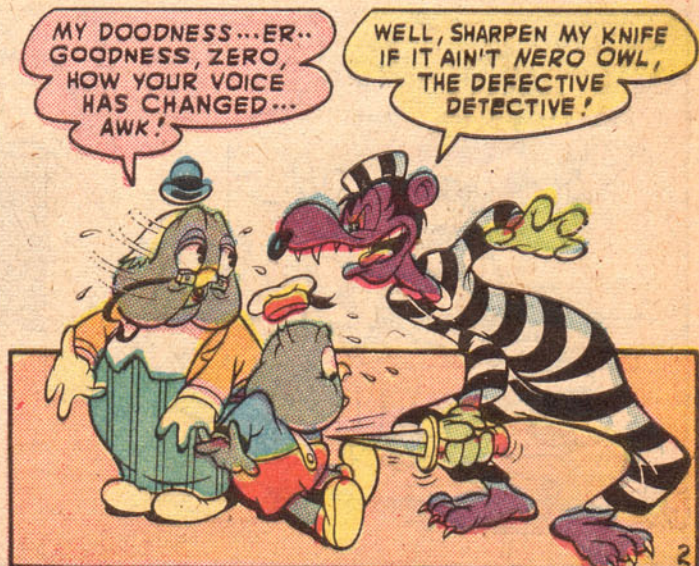
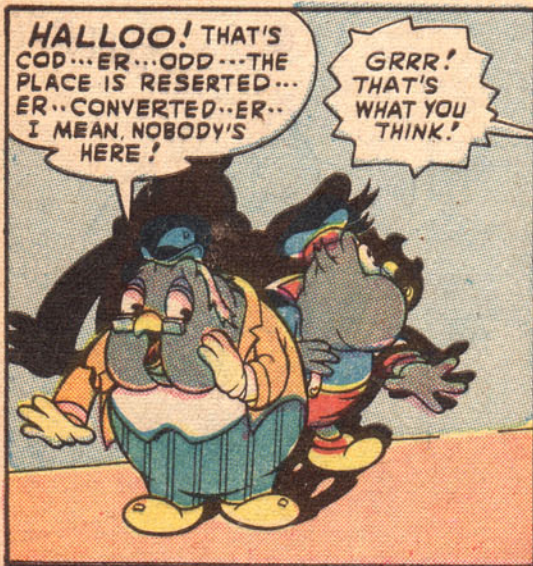
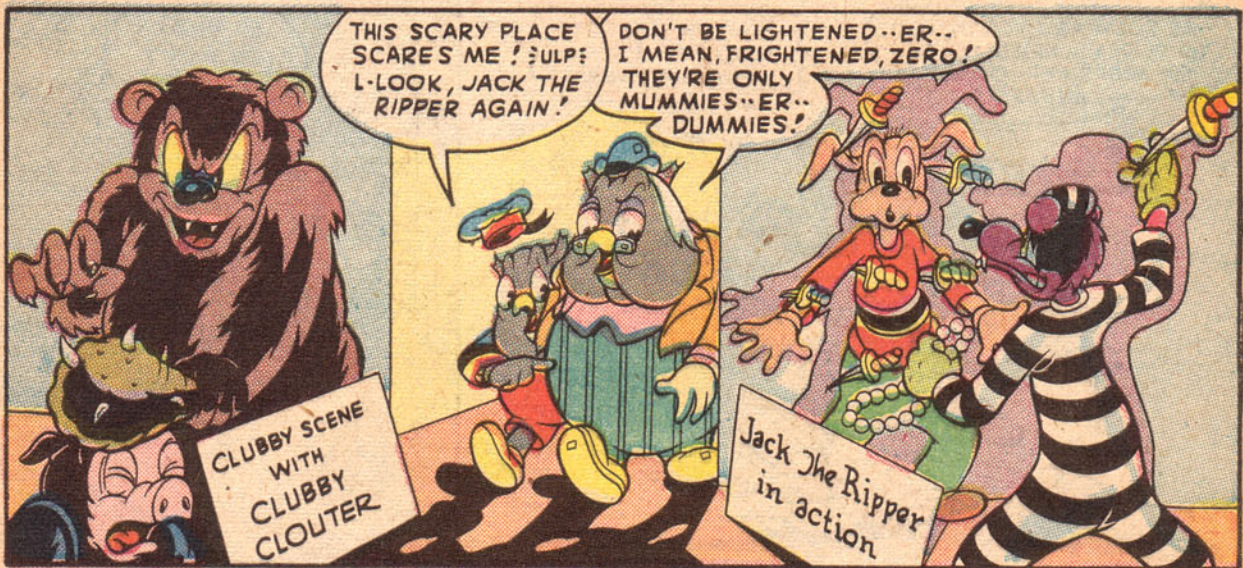
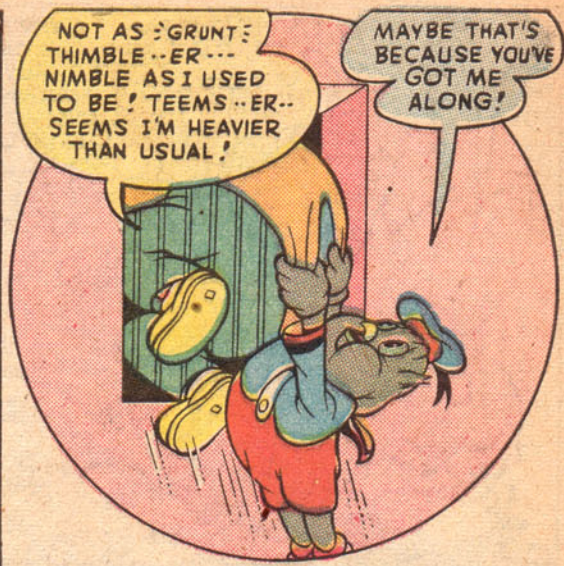
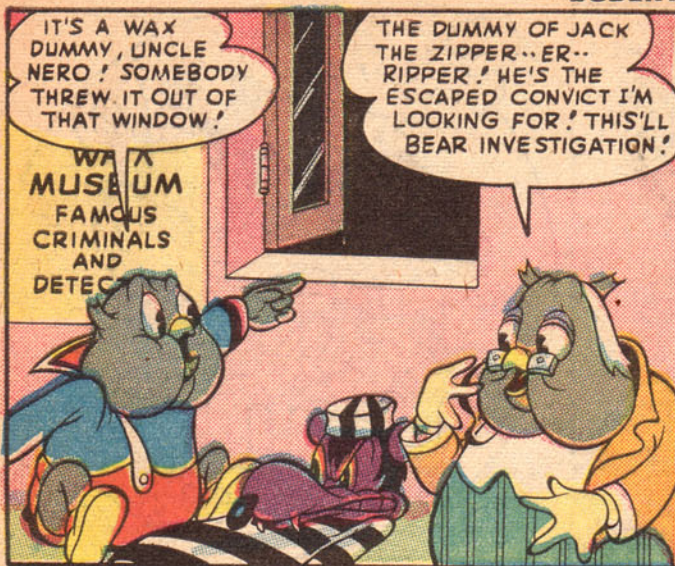


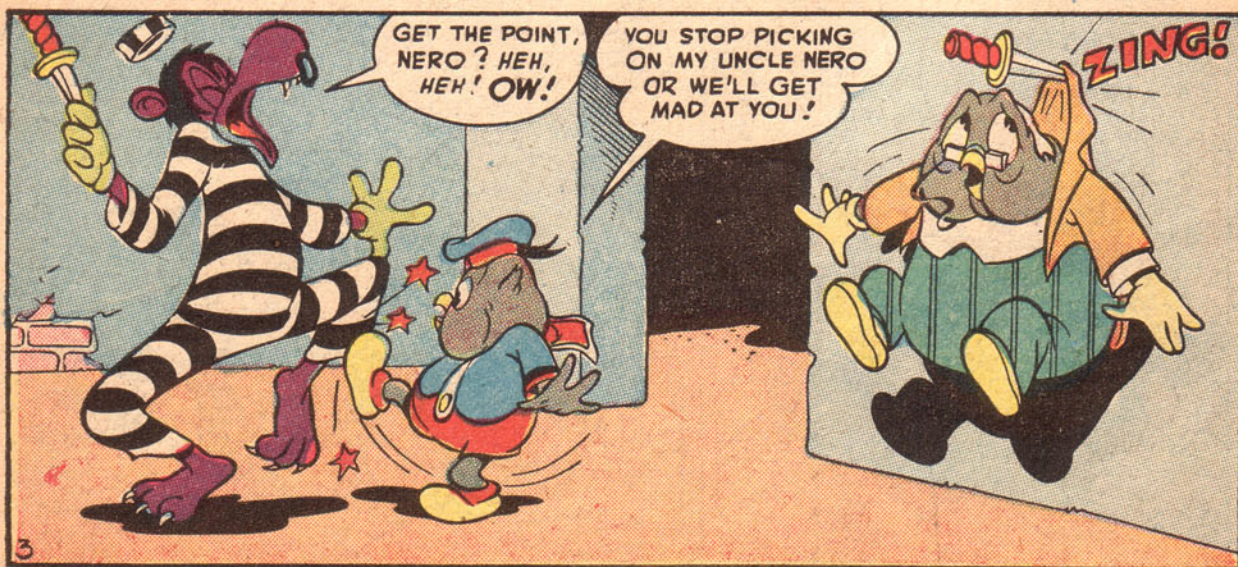
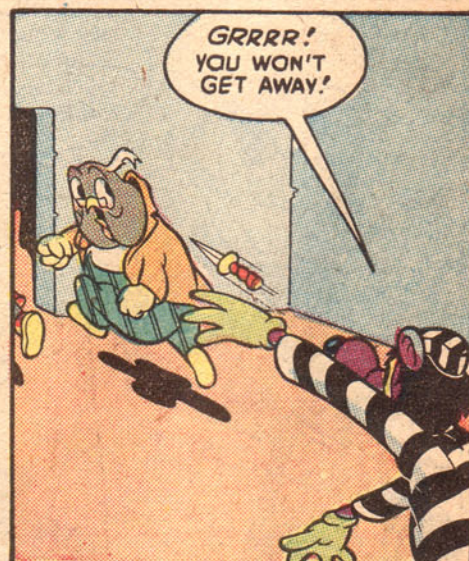
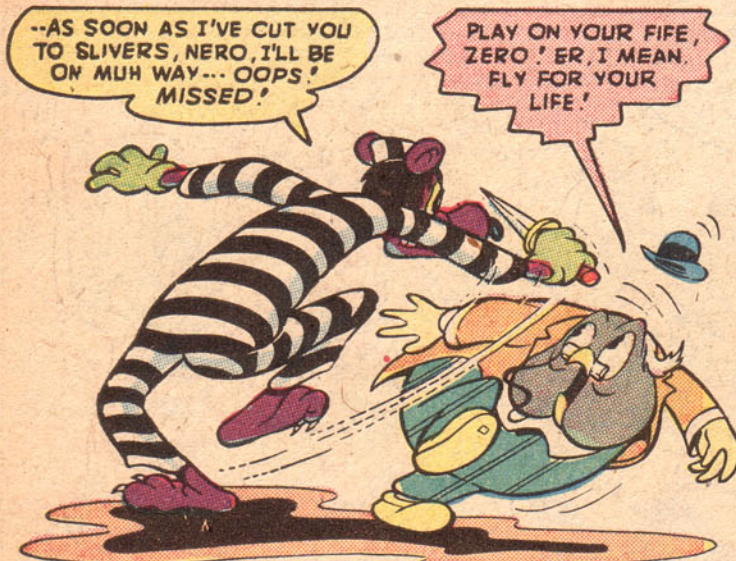
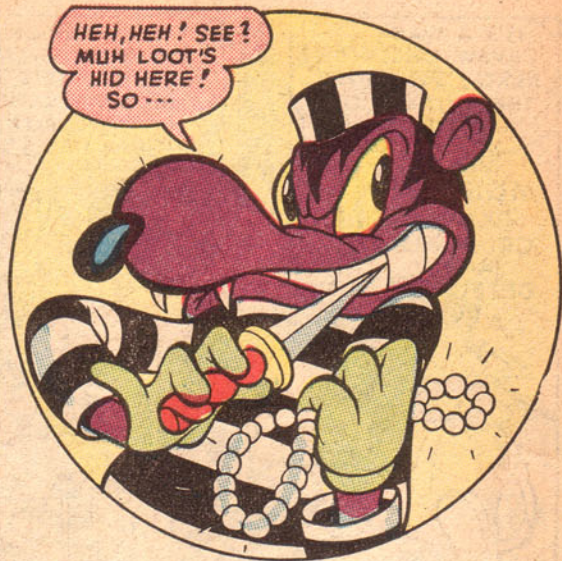
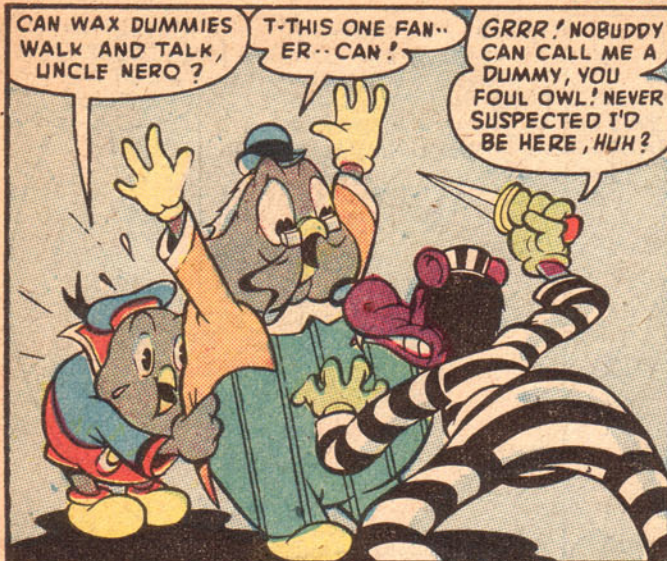


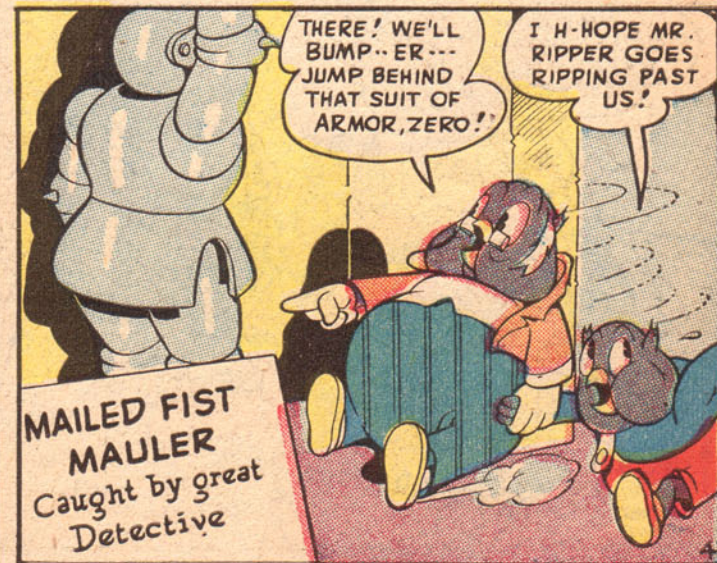
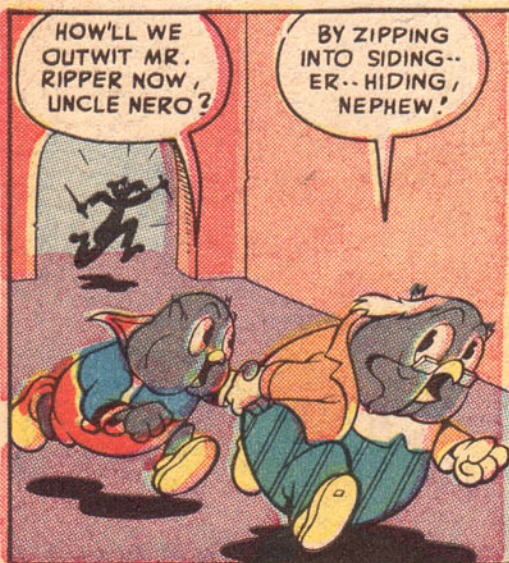
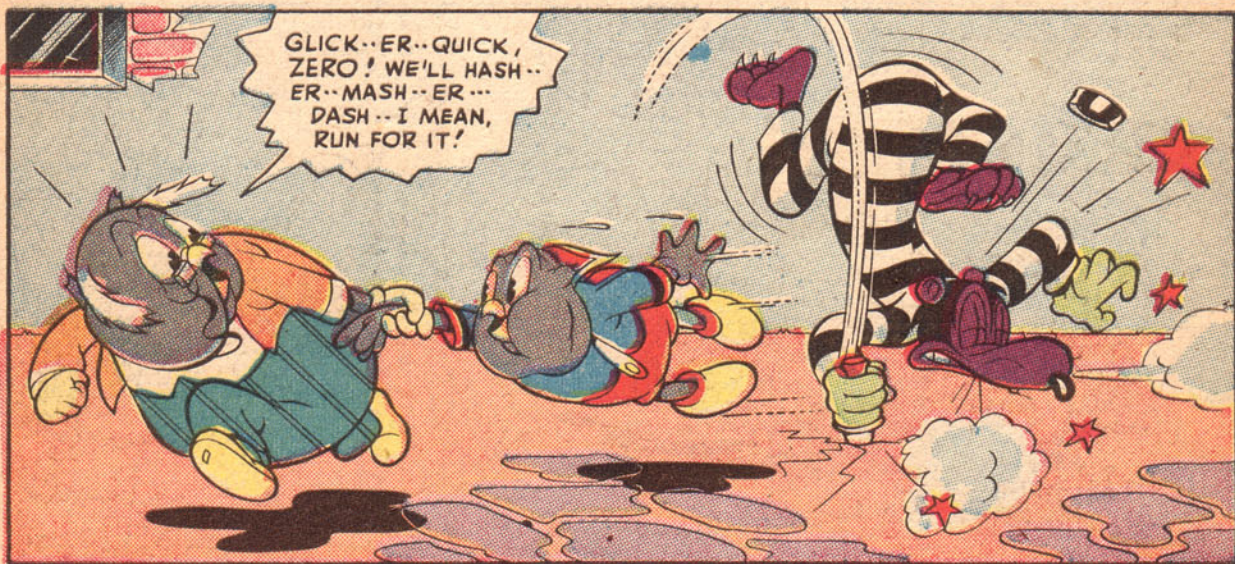
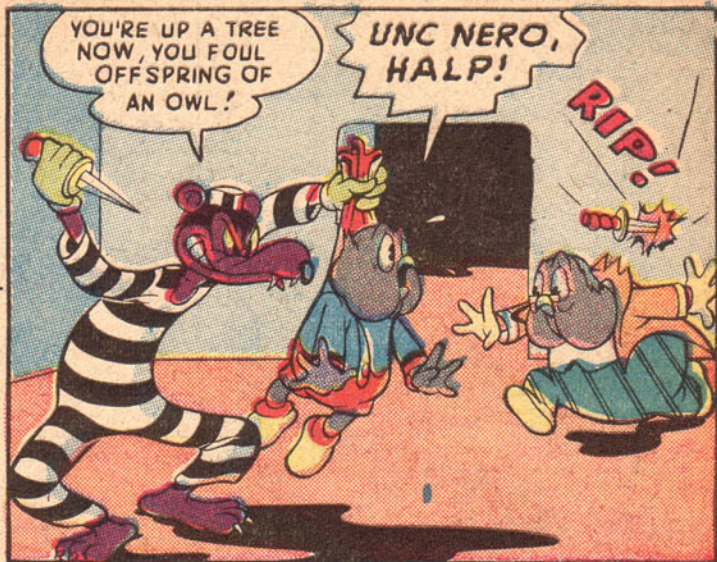
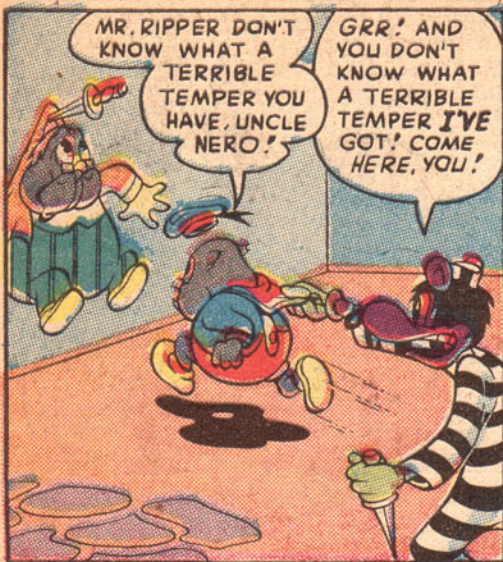
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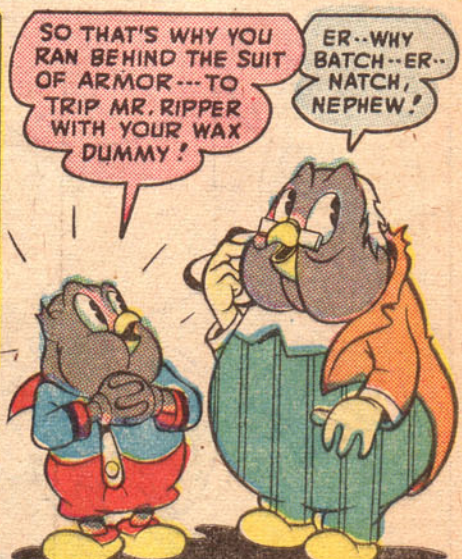
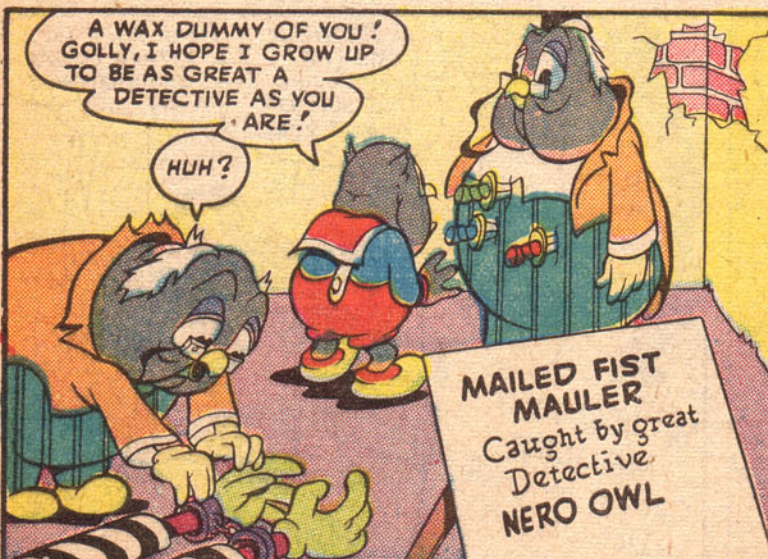
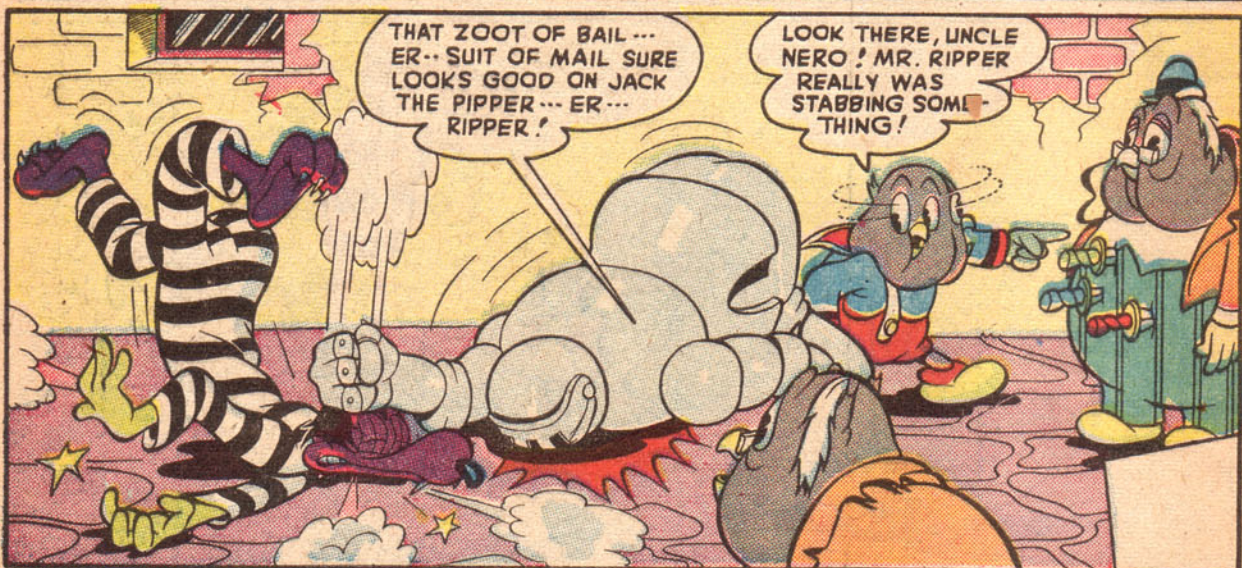
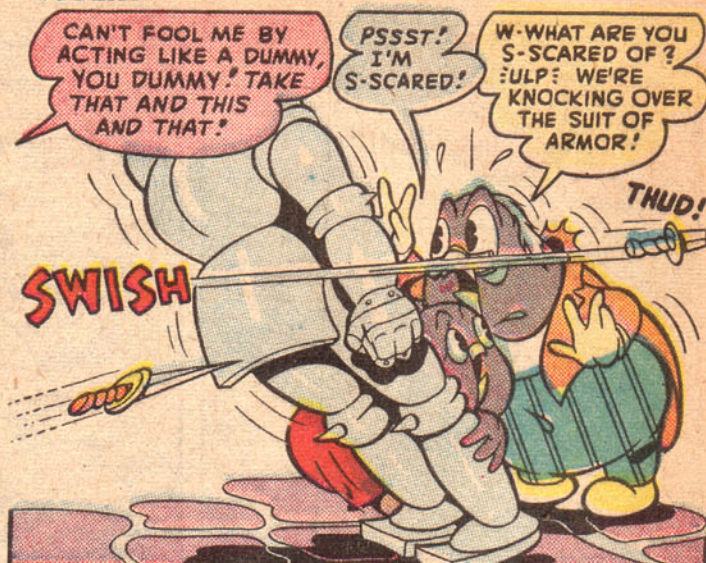
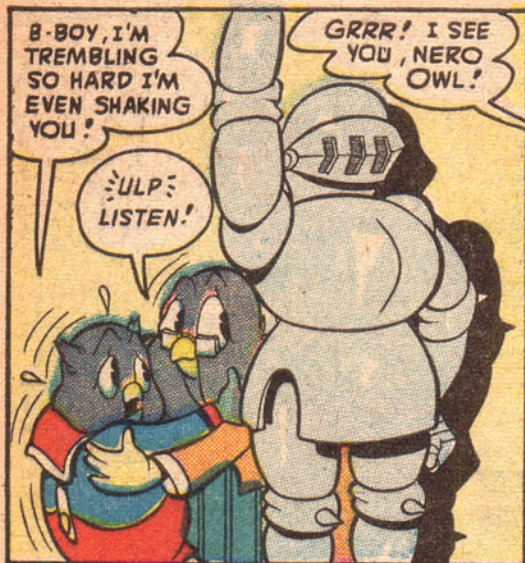
The Great Detective



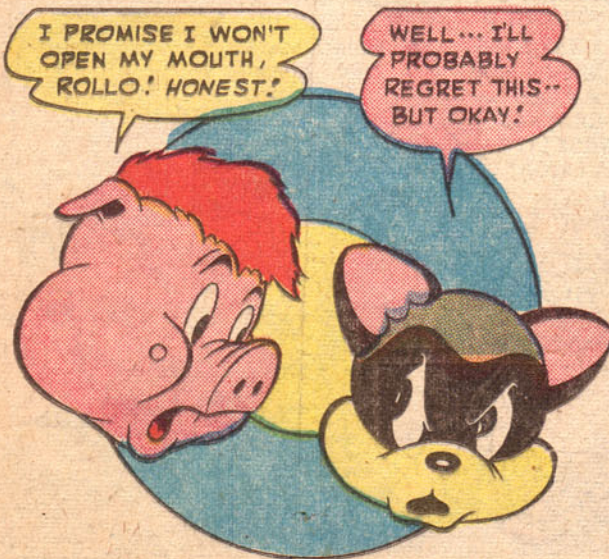
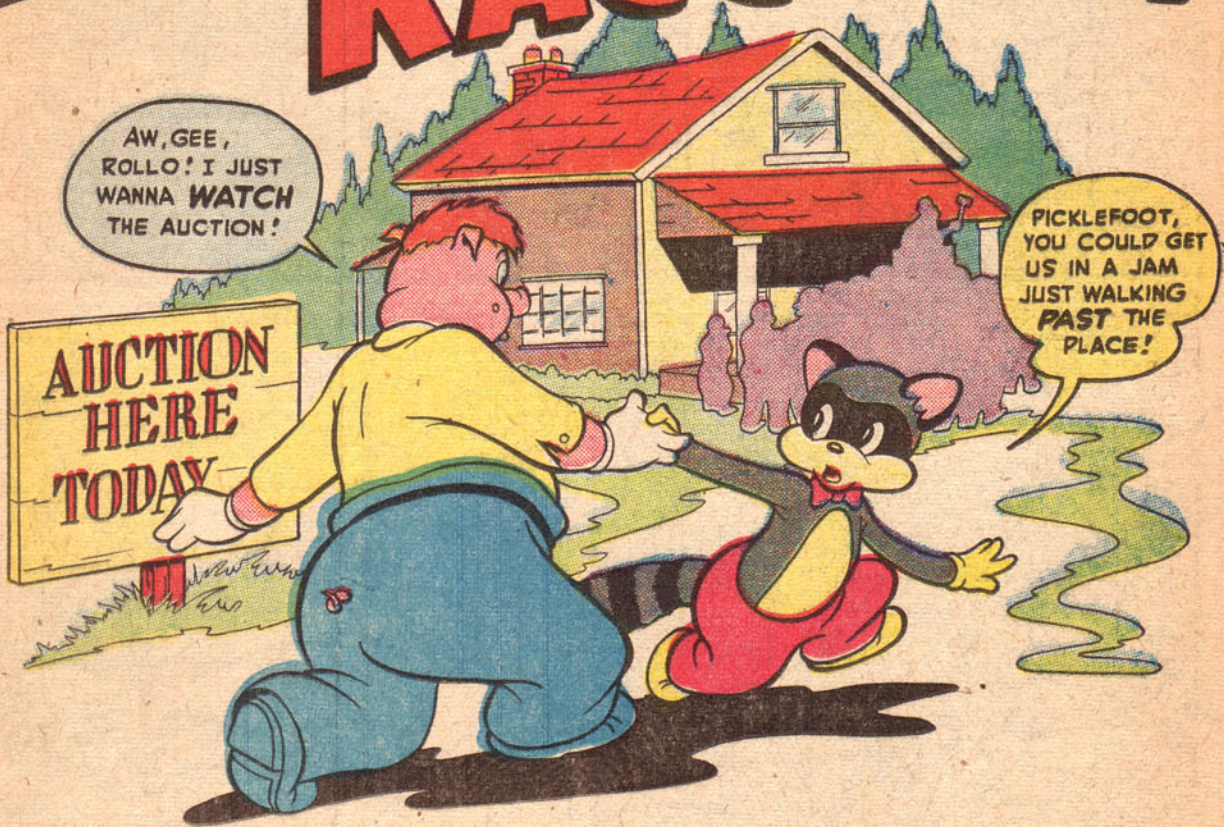


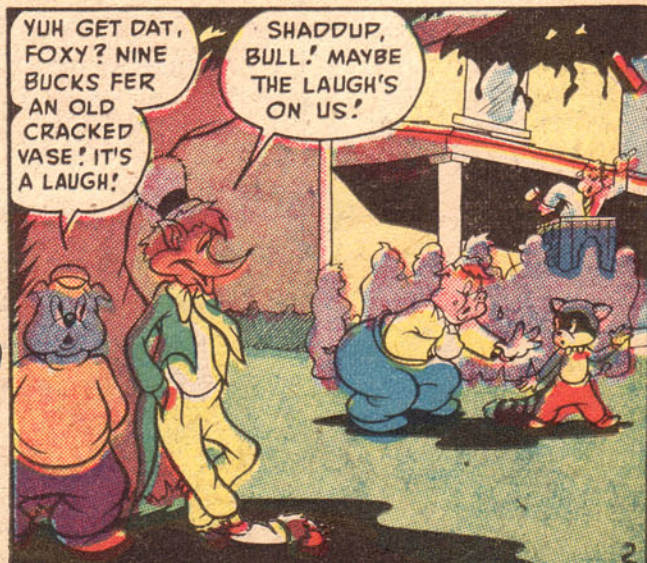
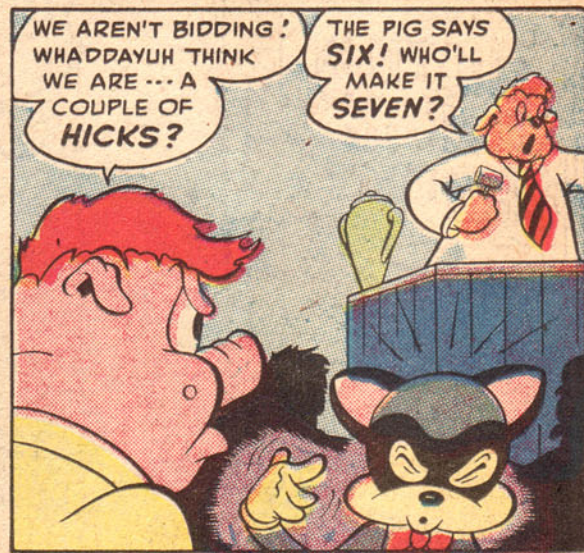
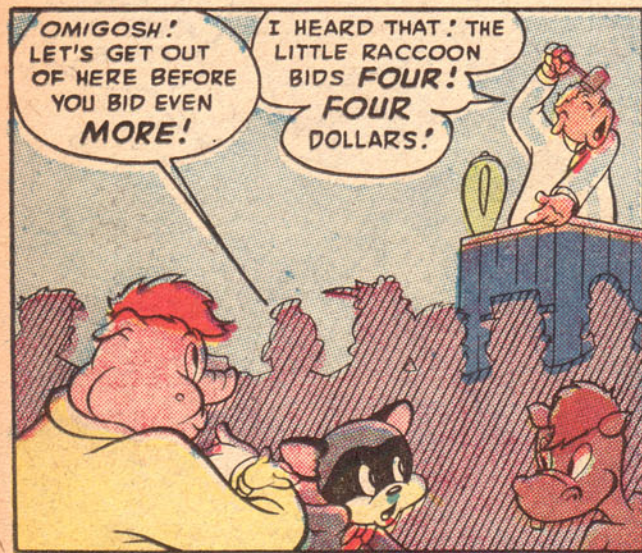
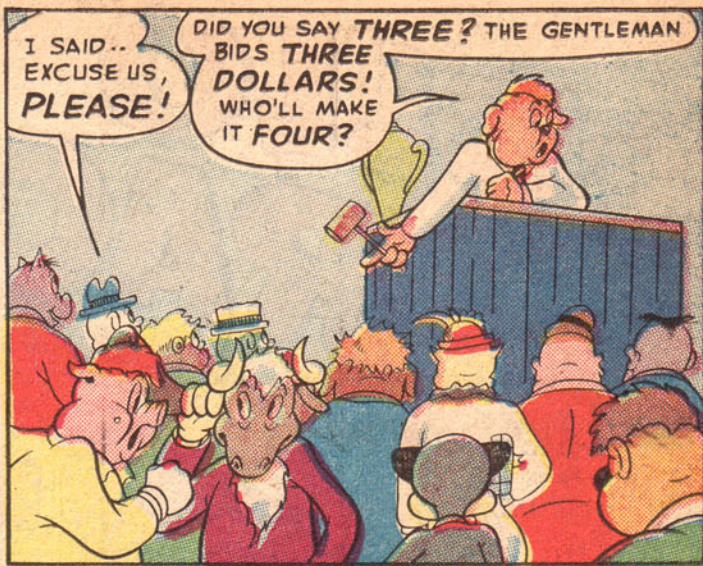
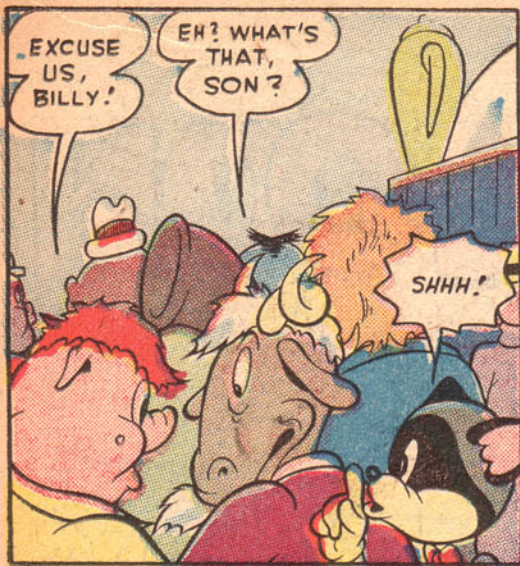


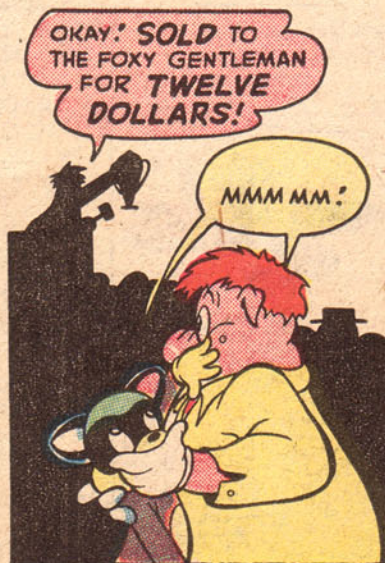
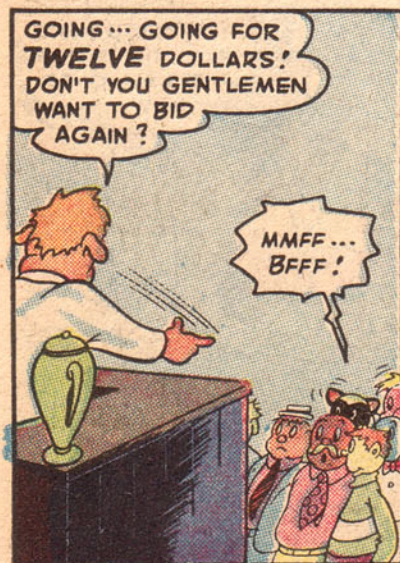
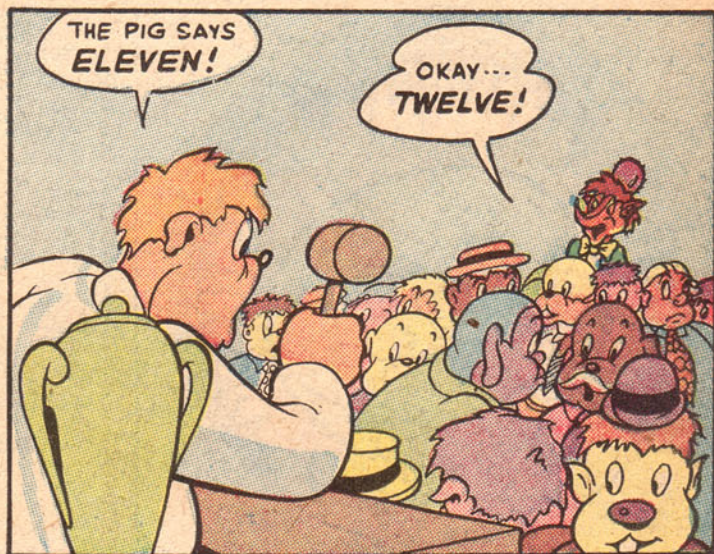
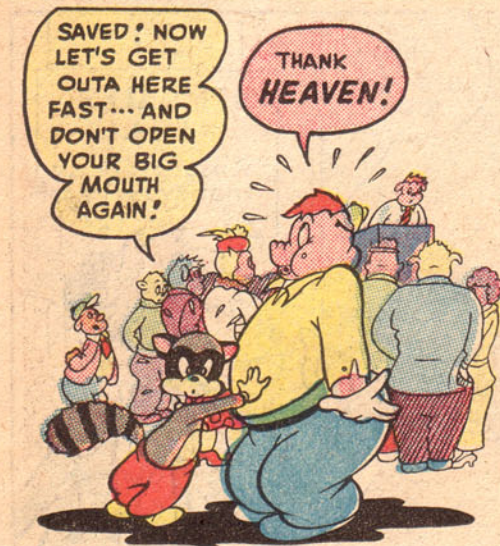
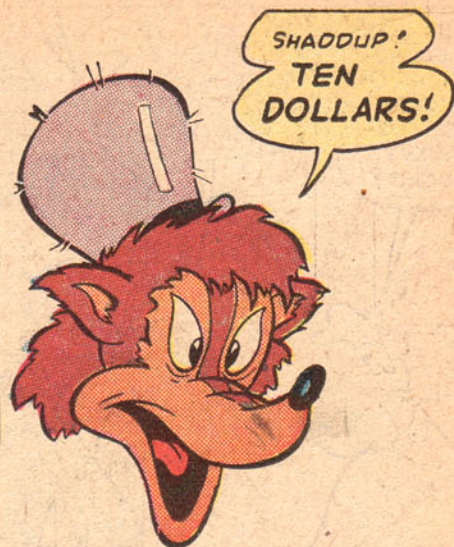
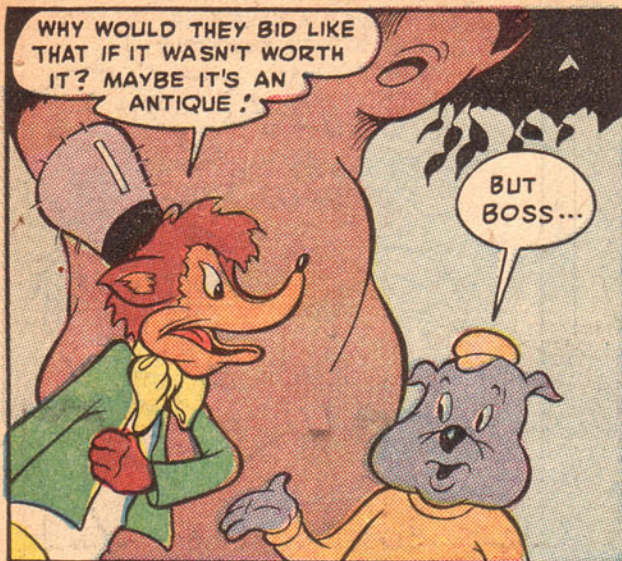


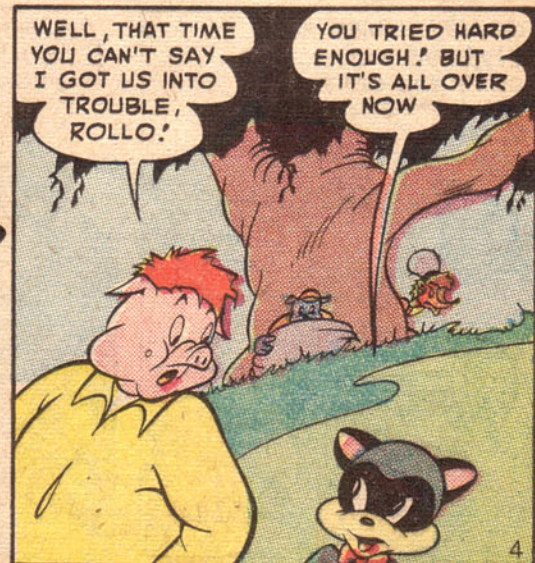
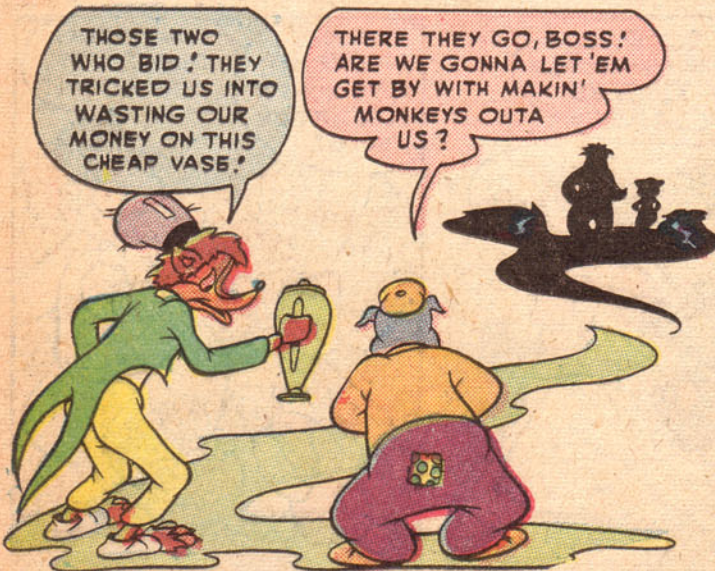
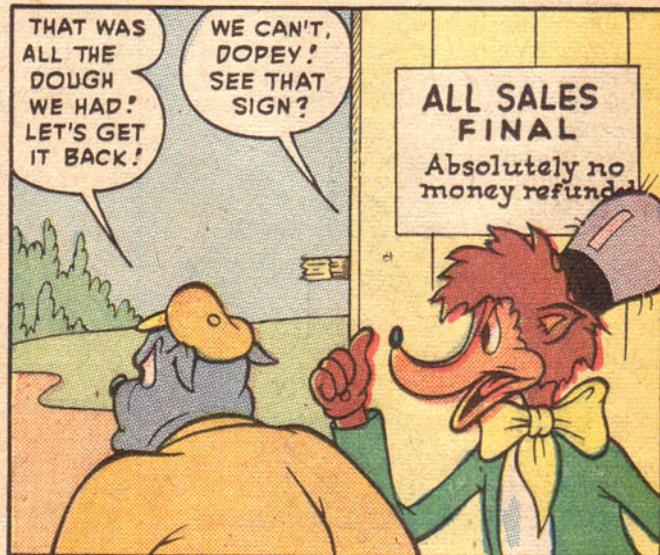
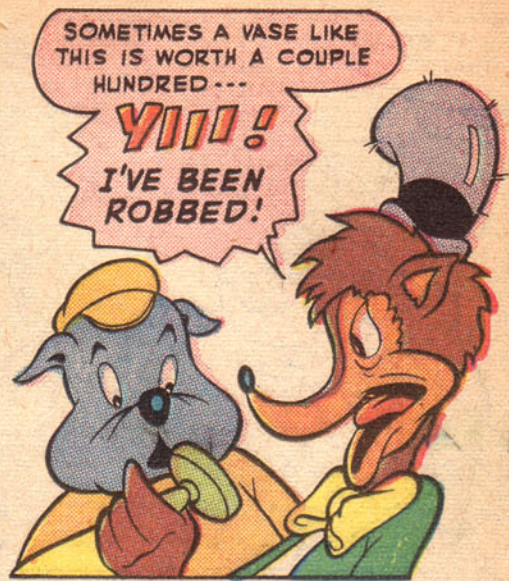
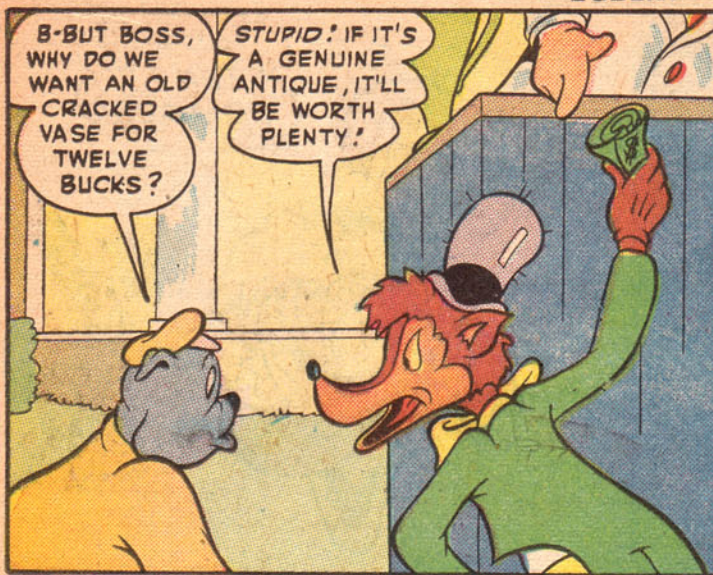


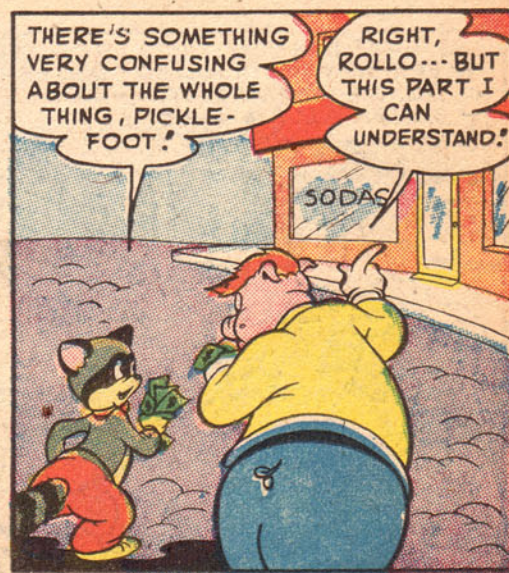
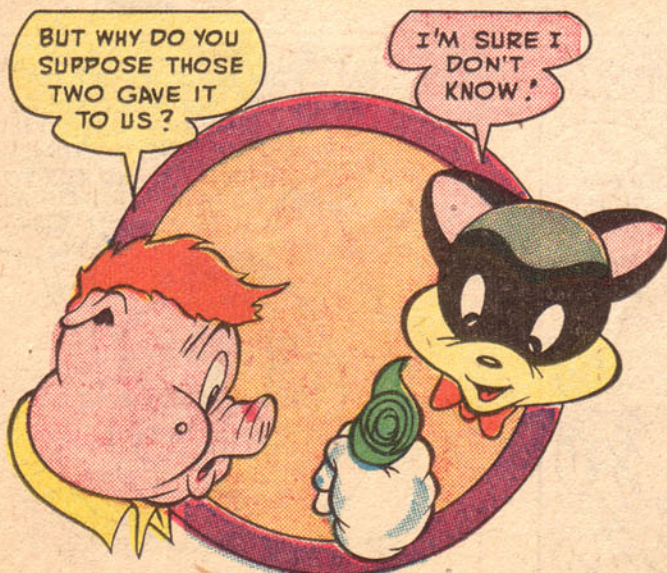
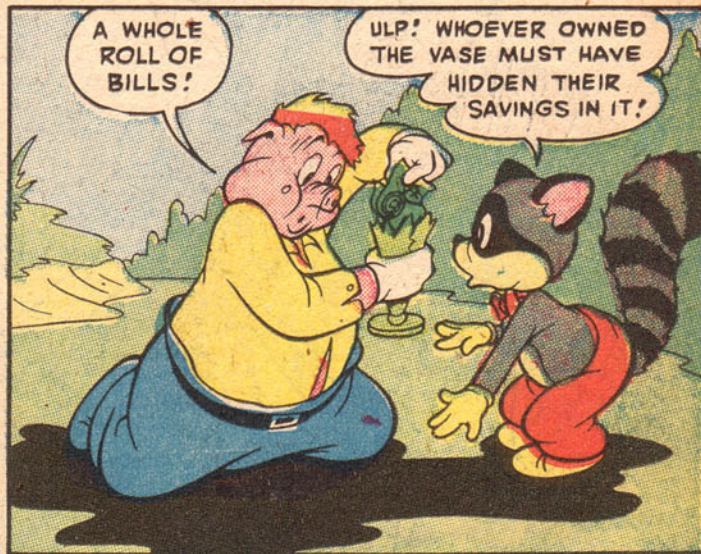
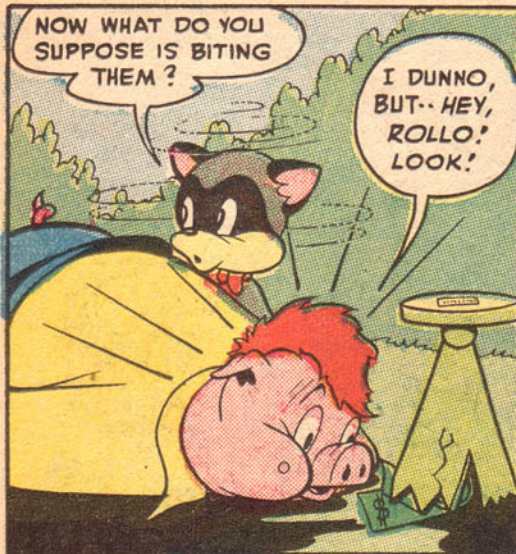
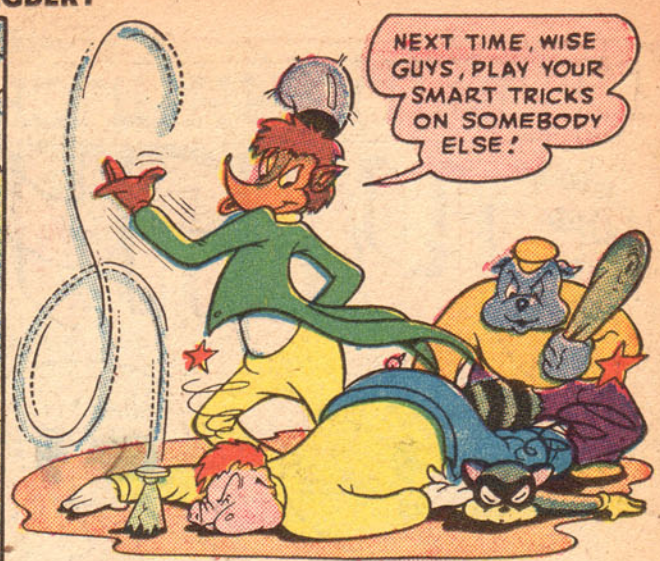
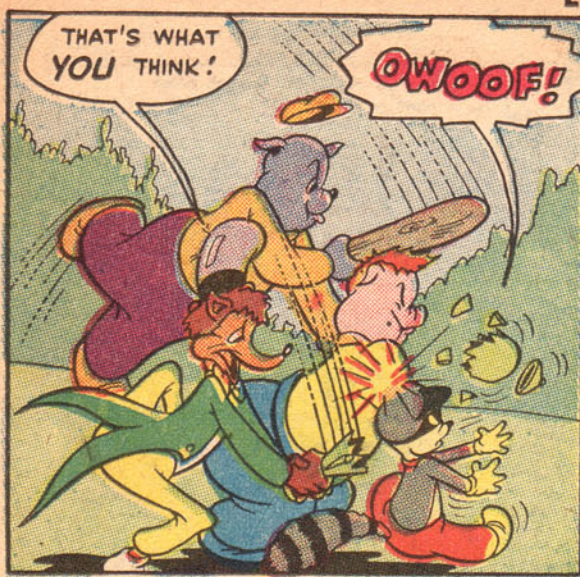
ROLLO RACCOON





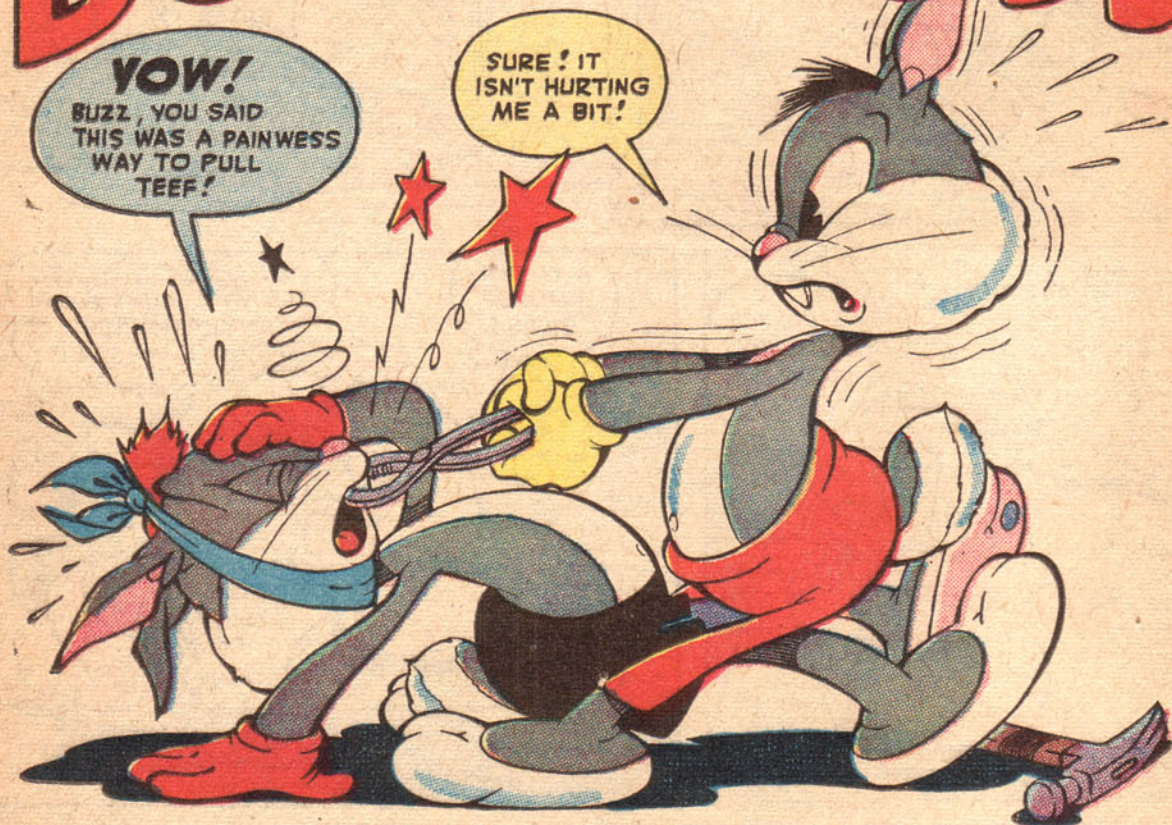






BUNNYHUNCH and BUZZ

the BUNNY BOYS

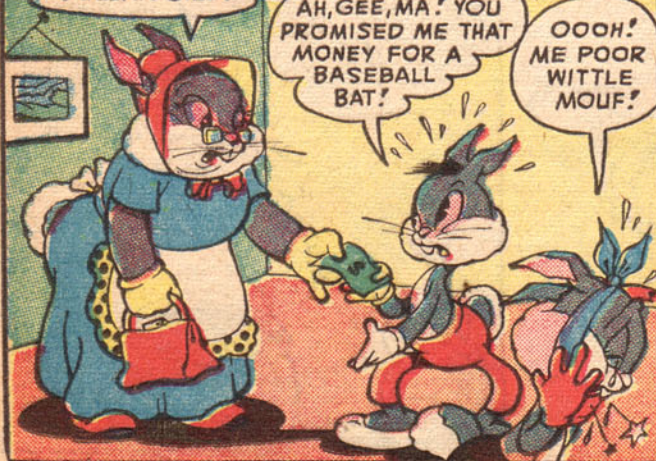


YOW!

BUZZ, YOU SAID
THIS WAS A PAINLESS
WAY TO PULL
TEEF!

SURE! IT
ISN'T HURTING
ME A BIT!

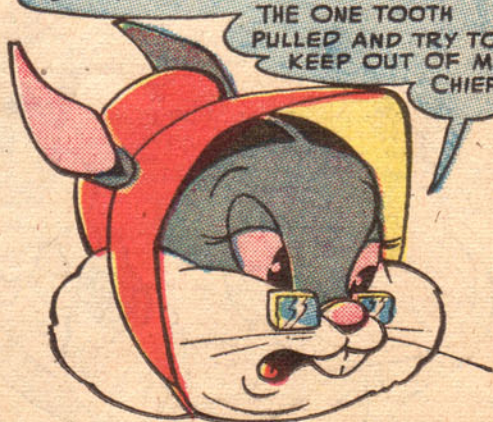
HERE, BUZZ! TAKE BUNNYHUNCH TO DOCTOR DIDDLEOFF
AND HAVE THAT TOOTH PULLED! NOW BE CAREFUL OF
THE MONEY---IT'S MY LAST
DOLLAR BILL!

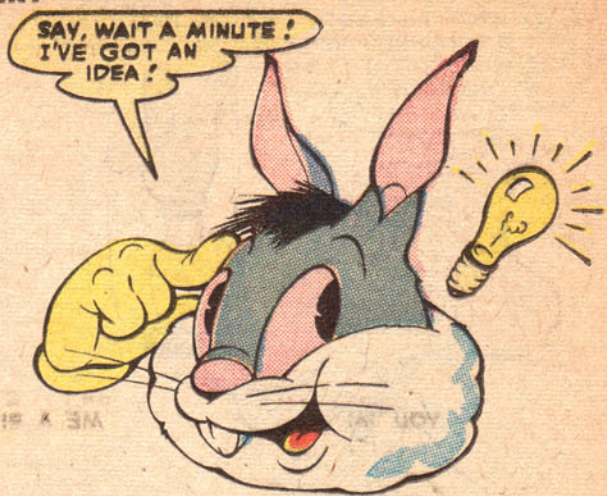
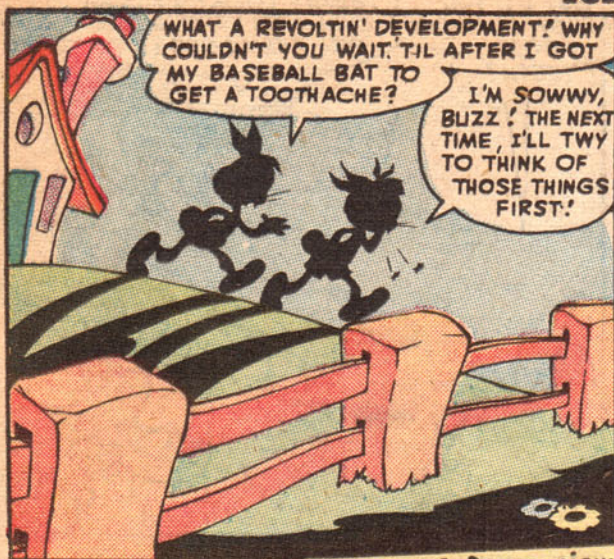


AH, GEE, MA! YOU
PROMISED ME THAT
MONEY FOR A
BASEBALL
BAT!

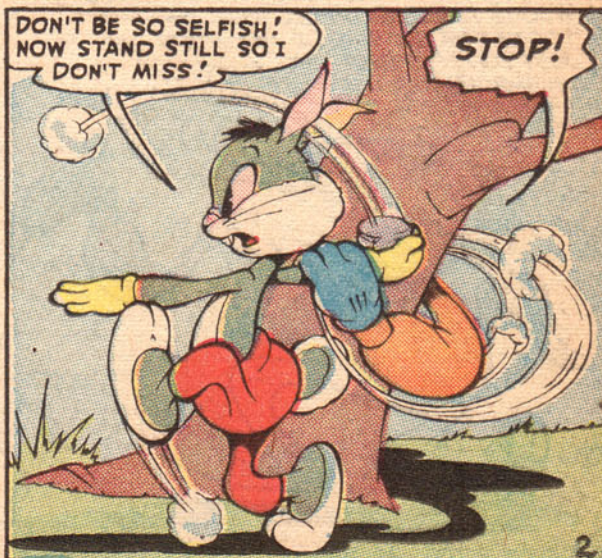
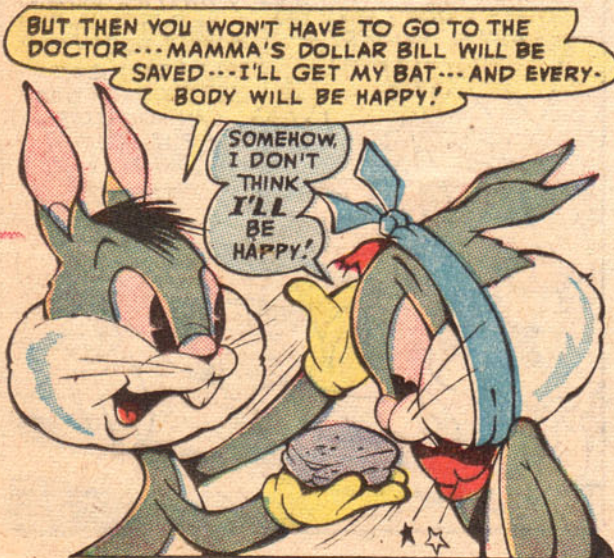
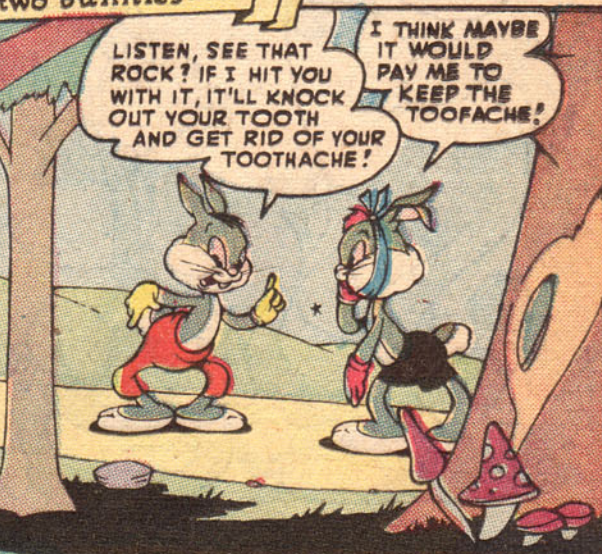
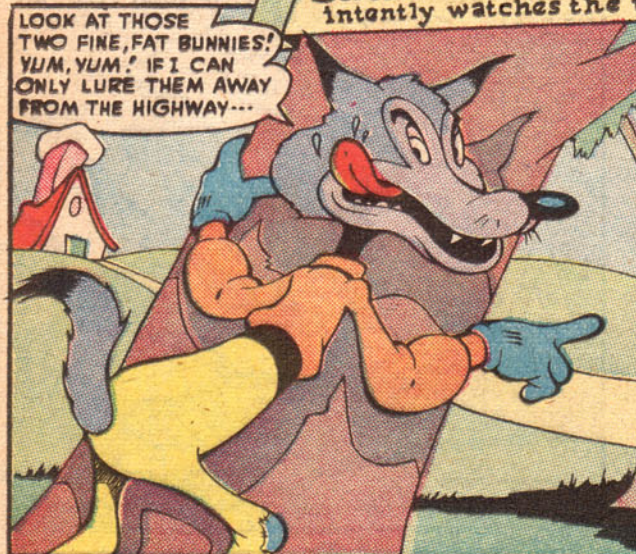
OOOH!
ME POOR
WITTLE
MOUF!

I'M SORRY, BUZZ---YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT
FOR THE BAT! NOW GO STRAIGHT TO
DOCTOR DIDDLEOFF AND TAKE CARE OF
BUNNYHUNCH! REMEMBER, JUST HAVE
THE ONE TOOTH
PULLED AND TRY TO
KEEP OUT OF MIS-
CHIEF!

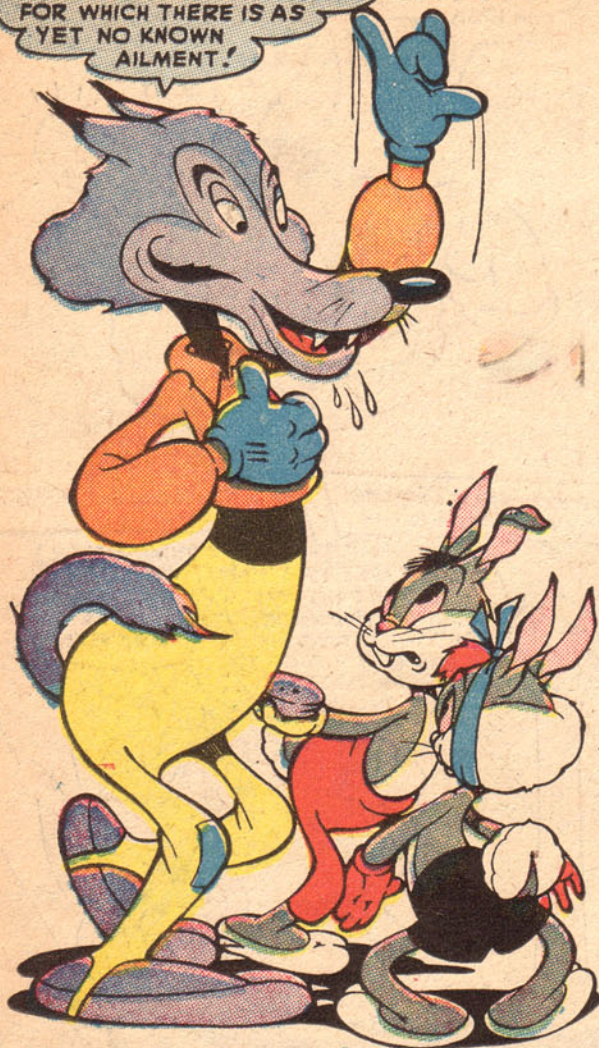




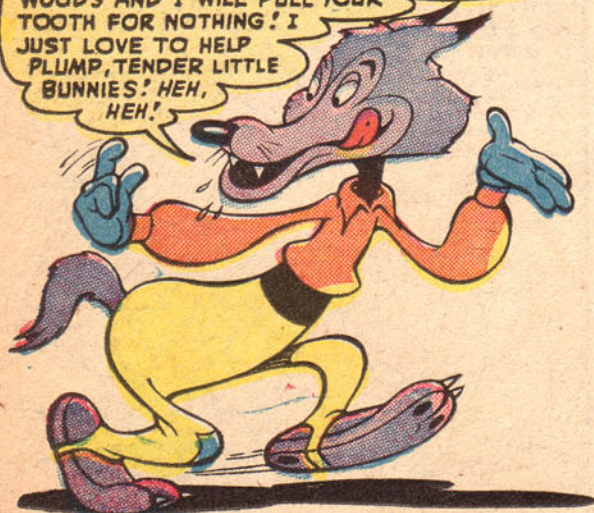
Screened from view, a sinister figure intently watches the two bunnies....



DID I HEAR YOU SAY YOU NEED A DOCTOR? GAZE UPON THE BEST! I AM THE PHYSICIAN WHO DISCOVERED THE CURE FOR WHICH THERE IS AS YET NO KNOWN AILMENT!

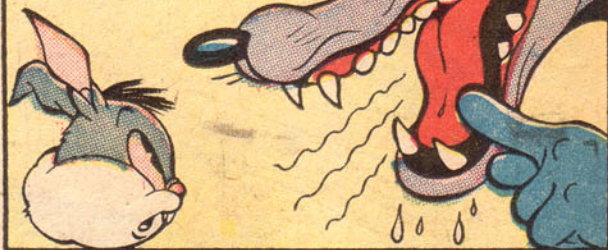


COME, FOLLOW ME TO MY OFFICE IN THE WOODS AND I WILL PULL YOUR TOOTH FOR NOTHING! I JUST LOVE TO HELP PLUMP, TENDER LITTLE BUNNIES! HEH, HEH!



BUT DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT TEETH?

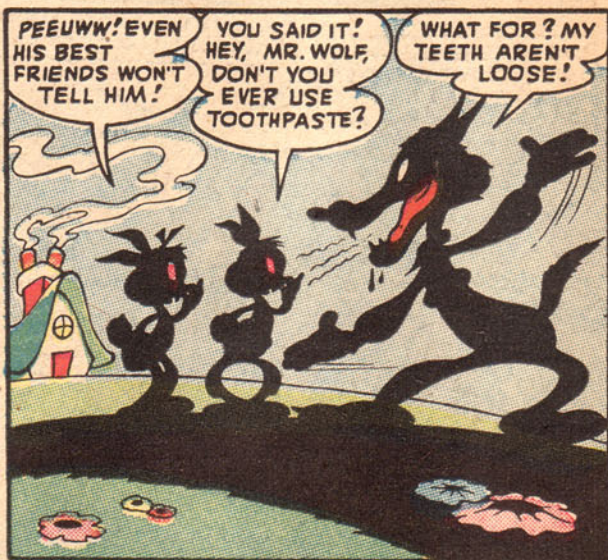
TEETH? LOOK! I FILL MY OWN WITH TENDER BUNNI-- ER-- AHM! SEE?



PEEUWW! EVEN HIS BEST FRIENDS WON'T TELL HIM!

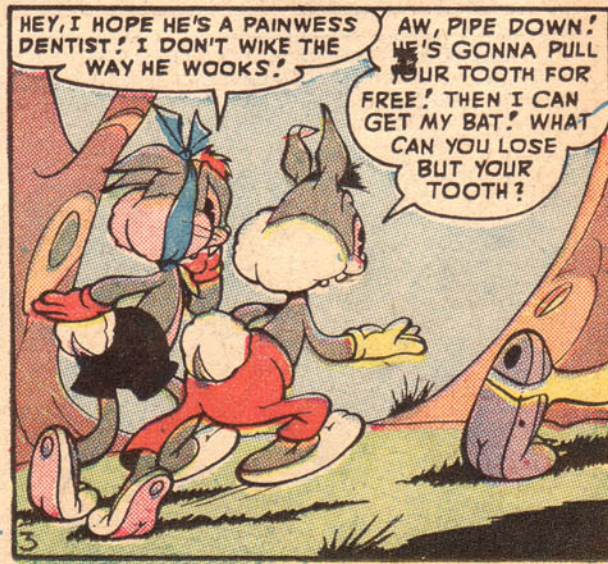
YOU SAID IT! HEY, MR. WOLF, DON'T YOU EVER USE TOOTHPASTE?

WHAT FOR? MY TEETH AREN'T LOOSE!

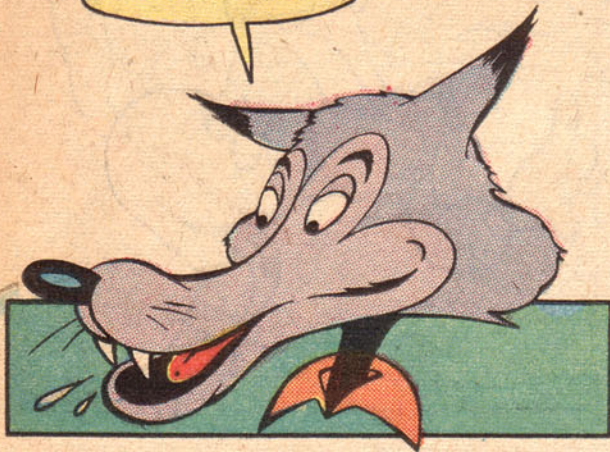


HEY, I HOPE HE'S A PAINLESS DENTIST! I DON'T WIKE THE WAY HE WOOKS!

AW, PIPE DOWN! HE'S GONNA PULL YOUR TOOTH FOR FREE! THEN I CAN GET MY BAT! WHAT CAN YOU LOSE BUT YOUR TOOTH?



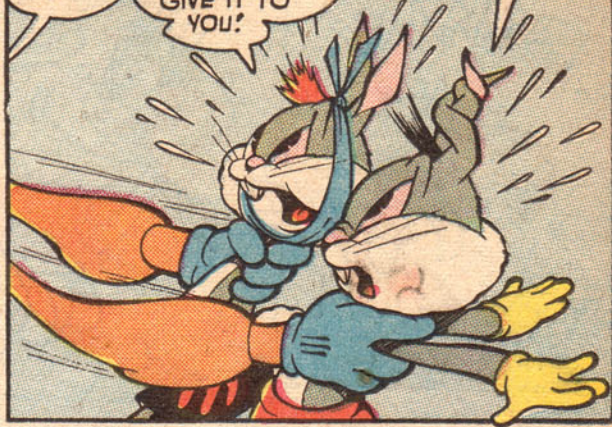
PAINLESS, DID YOU SAY? WHY, MY LITTLE MORSEL, WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU'LL NEVER KNOW YOU HAD A TOOTHACHE! AND DO YOU KNOW WHY?



BECAUSE I'M GOING TO EAT YOU! HA, HA, HA!

YOW! NOW WOOLK AT THE FIX YOU GOT US IN, BUZZ! BOY, WILL MUUVVER GIVE IT TO YOU!

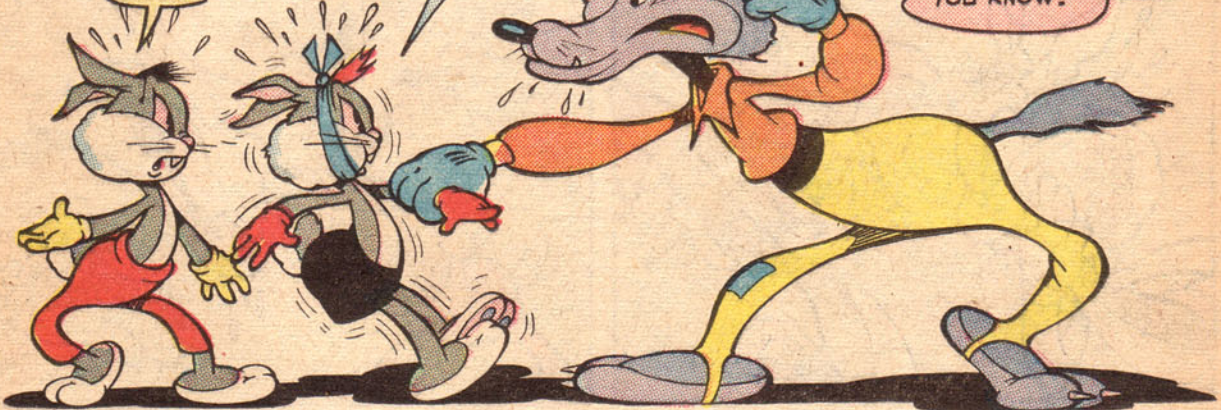
JEEPERS! NOW I'LL NEVER GET MY BASE-BALL BAT!



WAIT! YOU CAN'T LET MY BROTHER DIE LIKE THIS, IN AGONY WITH A TOOTHACHE! LET ME TAKE HIS TOOTH OUT FIRST BEFORE YOU EAT US!

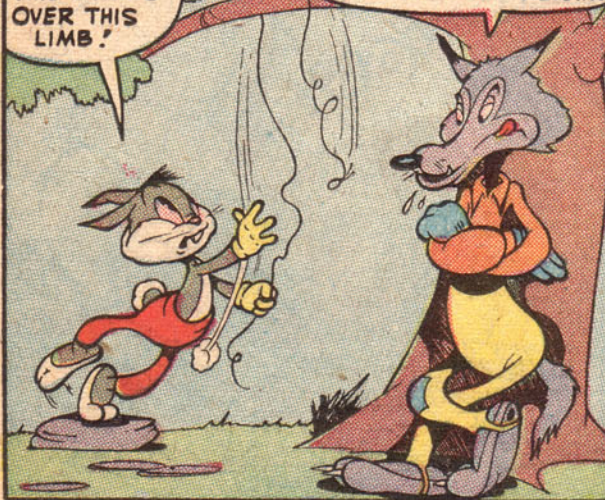
YES, MY TOOFACHE MAY GIVE YOU INDIGESTION!

WELLLL, ALL RIGHT! IT'S A LITTLE EARLY FOR SUPPER YET, AND I WOULDN'T LIKE TO GET INDIGESTION... IT MAKES ME SICK TO MY STOMACH, YOU KNOW!



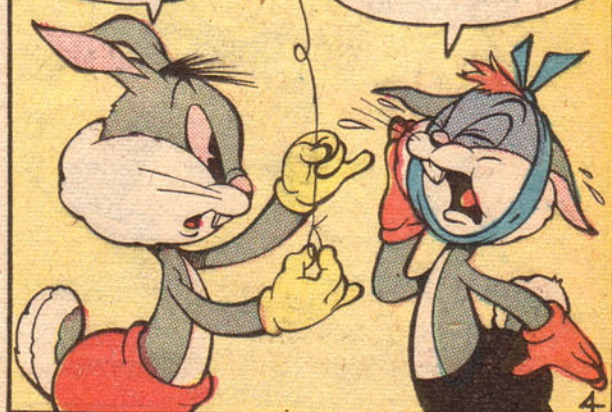
I'LL TOSS THIS STRING OVER THIS LIMB!

DON'T EXERT YOURSELF... YOU MAY LOSE WEIGHT!



NOW OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND I'LL SLIP THE LOOP OVER YOUR ACHING TOOTH!

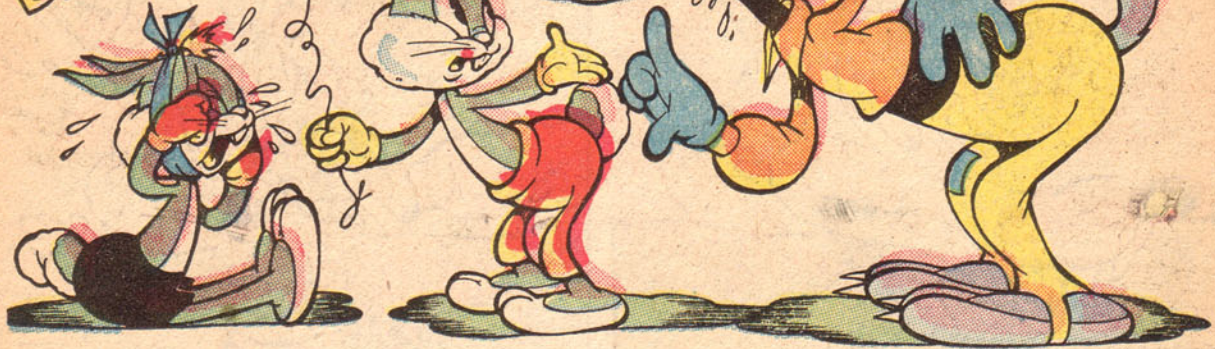
BAWWW! NO, DON'T DO IT! IF YOU HURT ME, I'LL BE MAD AT YOU FOR THE WEST OF MY WIFE!



IT WON'T HURT A BIT, WILL IT, MR. WOLF?

OF COURSE, NOT! COME, COME! I HAVEN'T ALL DAY, Y'KNOW! I LIKE TO HAVE MY MEALS ON TIME!

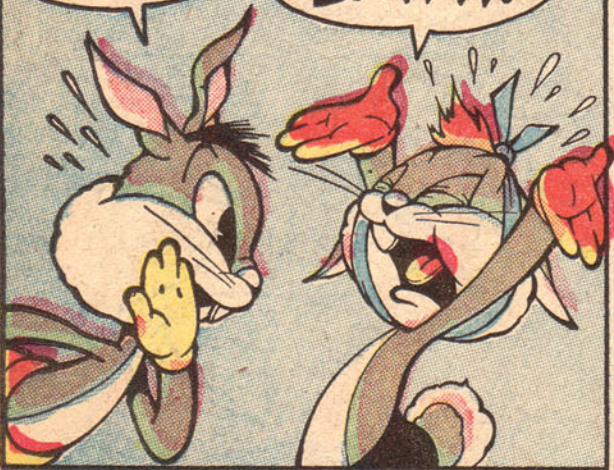
BAWW!



KEEP IT UP, HUNCH! YOU'RE DOING FINE!

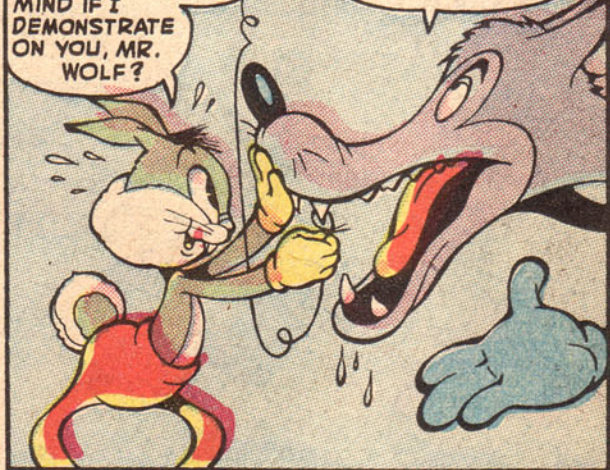
AIN'T THIS DWAMATIC?

BAWW!



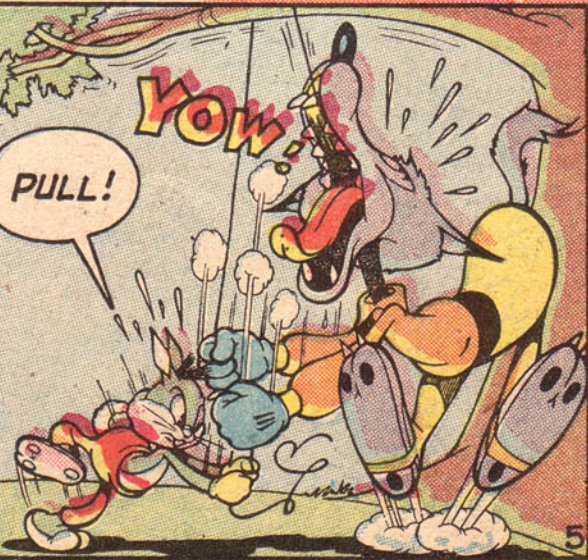
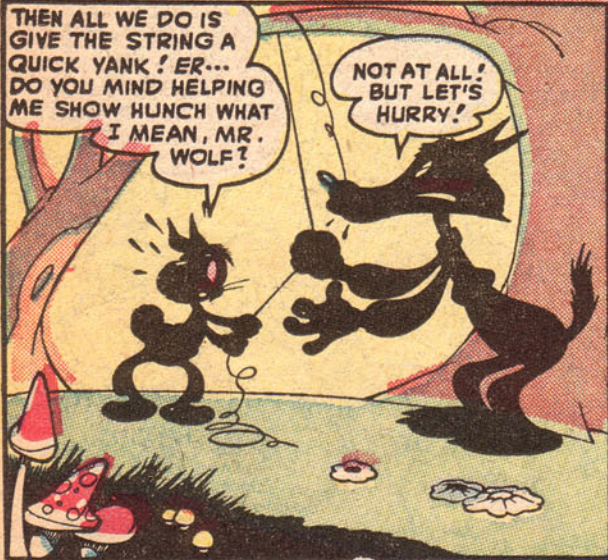
LOOK! ALL WE DO IS TIE IT TO YOUR TOOTH... LIKE THIS! DO YOU MIND IF I DEMONSTRATE ON YOU, MR. WOLF?

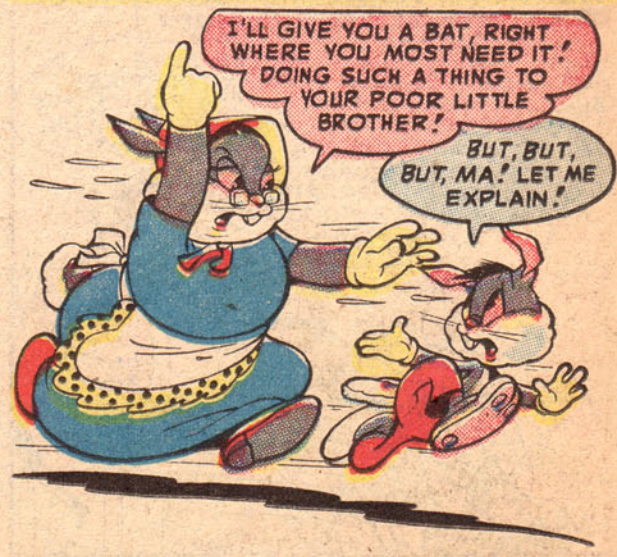
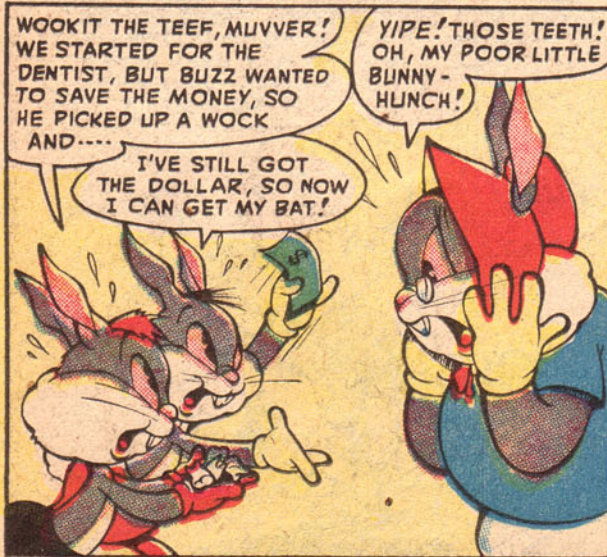
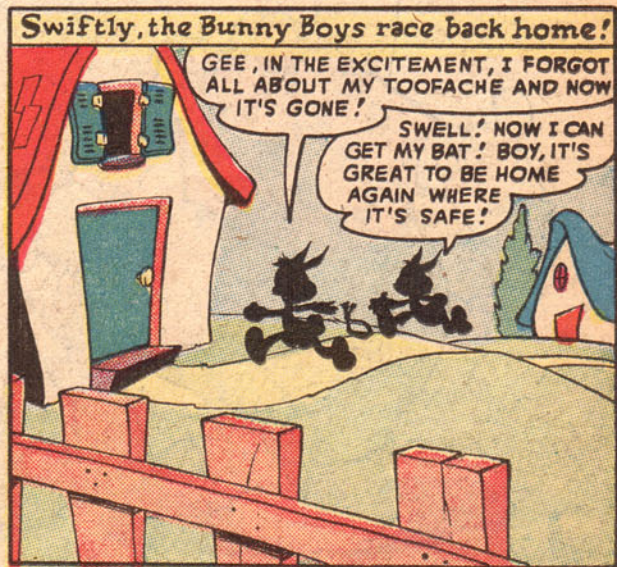
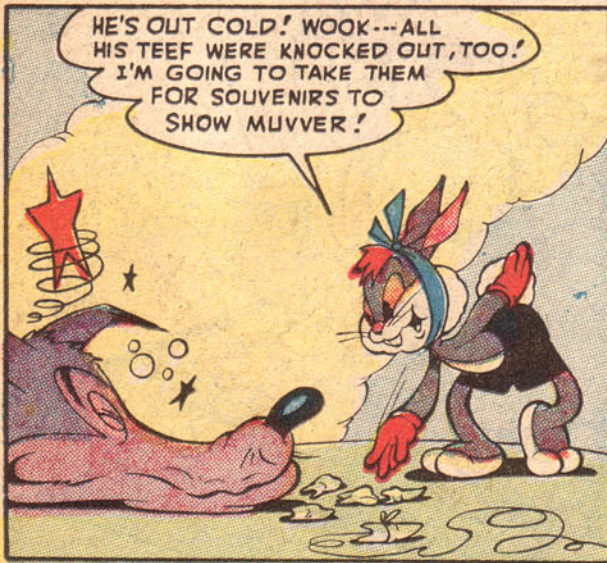
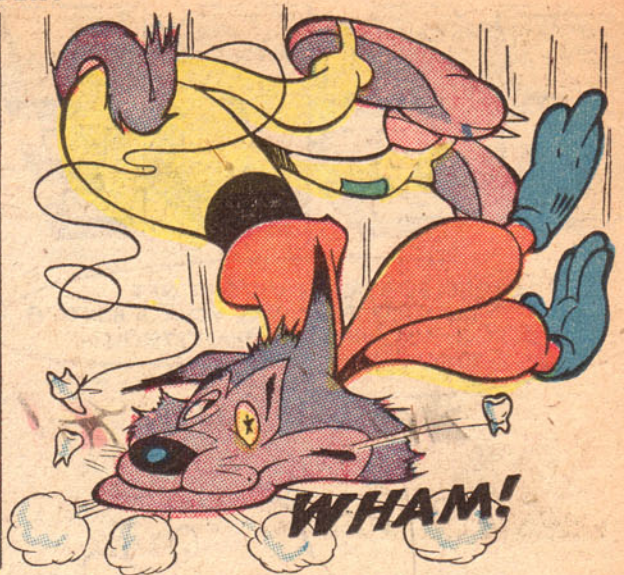
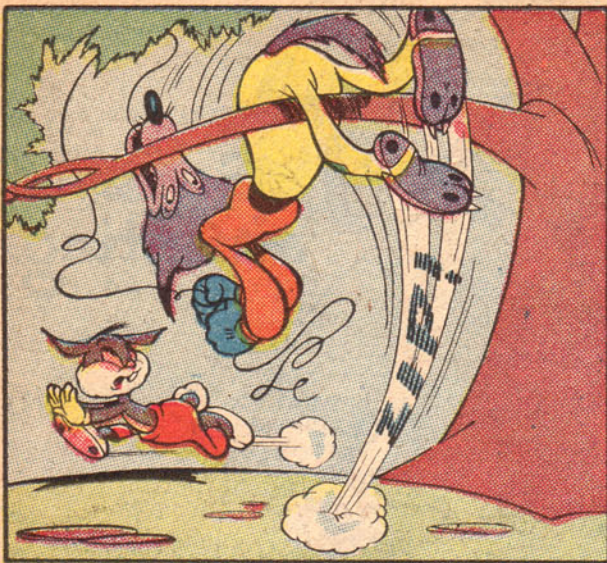
NOT AT ALL, IF IT WILL HELP TO HASTEN MATTERS!



THEN ALL WE DO IS GIVE THE STRING A QUICK YANK! ER... DO YOU MIND HELPING ME SHOW HUNCH WHAT I MEAN, MR. WOLF?

NOT AT ALL! BUT LET'S HURRY!





EGBERT

Goes
ahunting

G-GEE, EGBERT, I D-DON'T GET IT! YOU SAID THAT WAS YOUR H-HUNTING SUIT B-BUT WHERE'S THE T-TROU... T-TROU... PANTS?

THAT'S WHAT I'M A-HUNTING FOR!

by HART

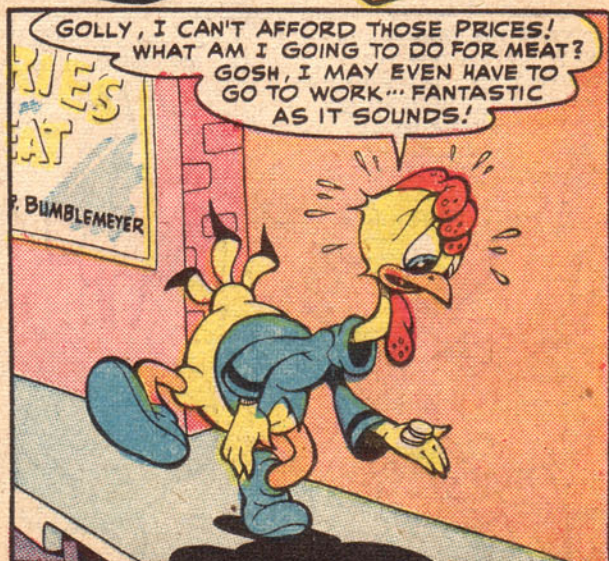
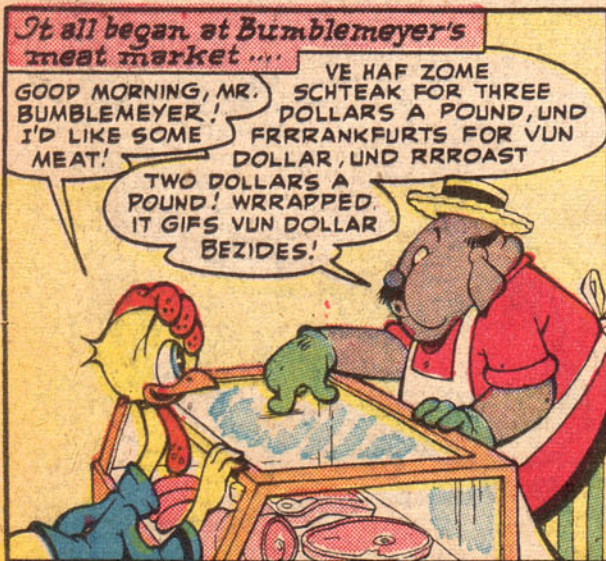
It all began at Bumblemeyer's meat market

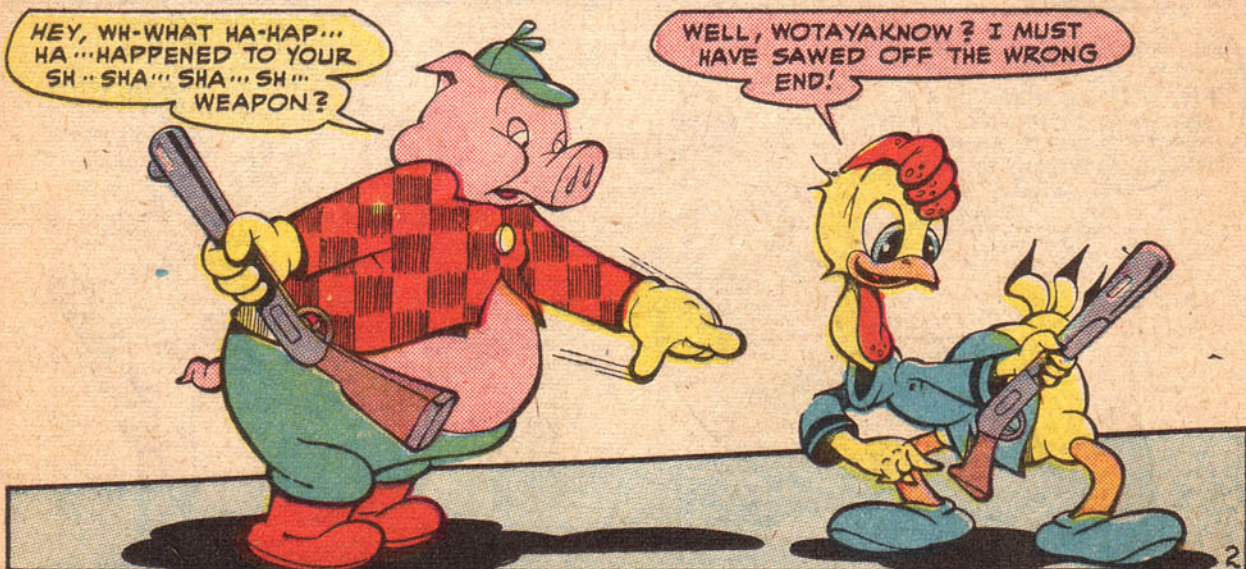
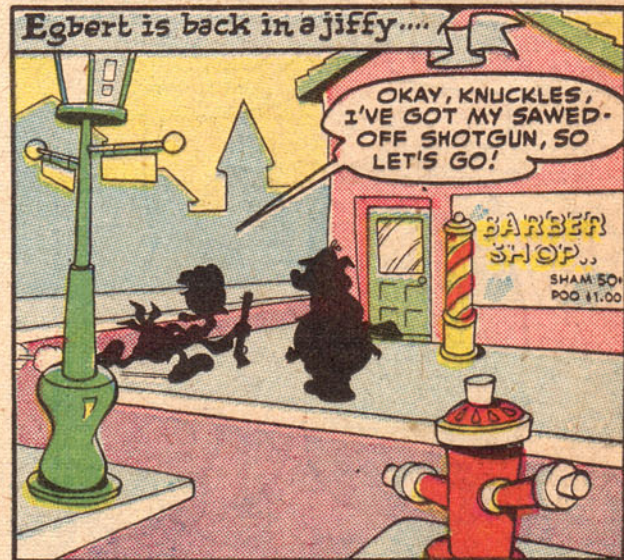
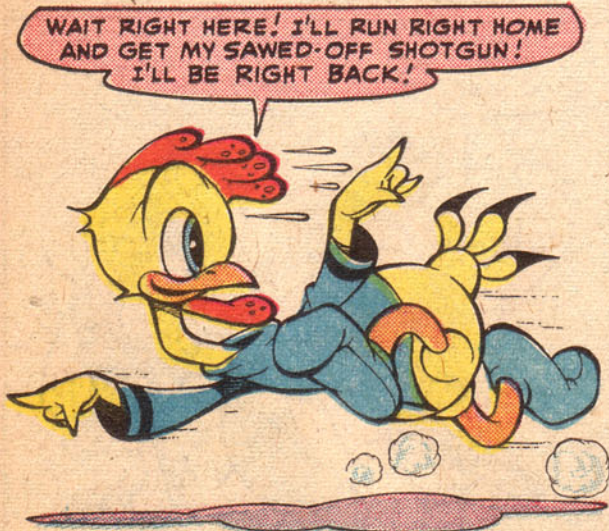
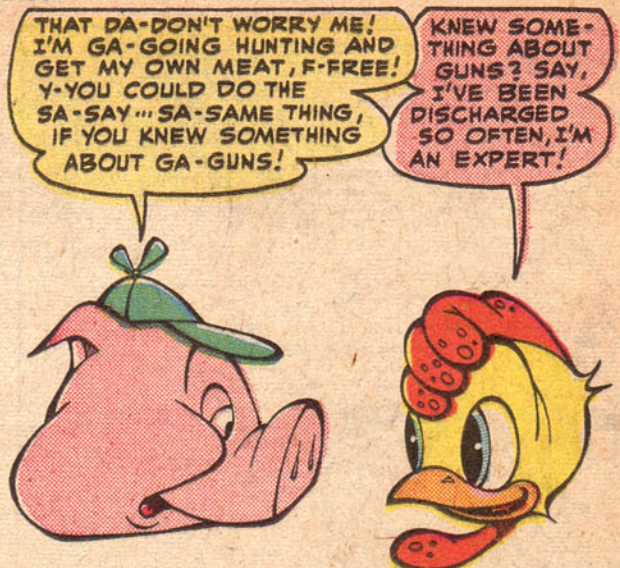
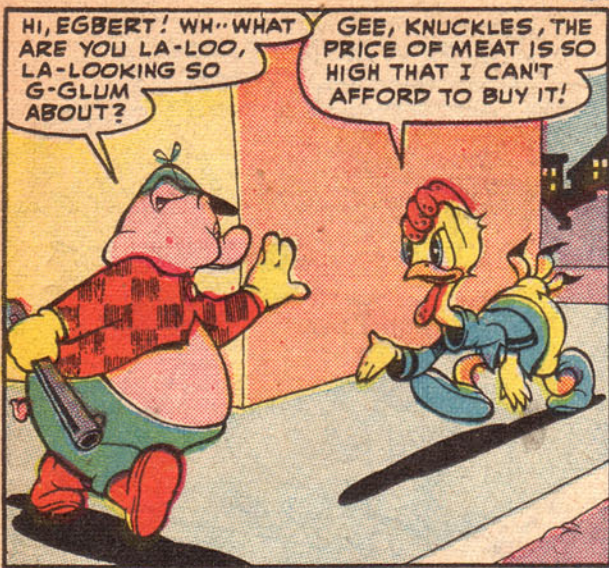
GOOD MORNING, MR. BUMBLEMEYER! I'D LIKE SOME MEAT!

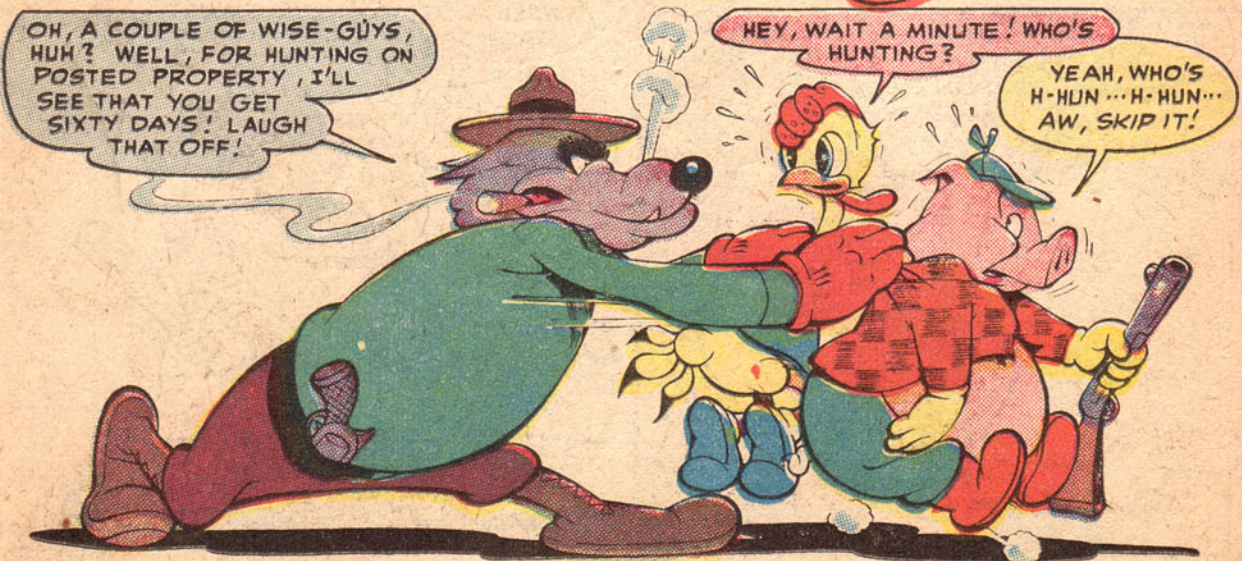
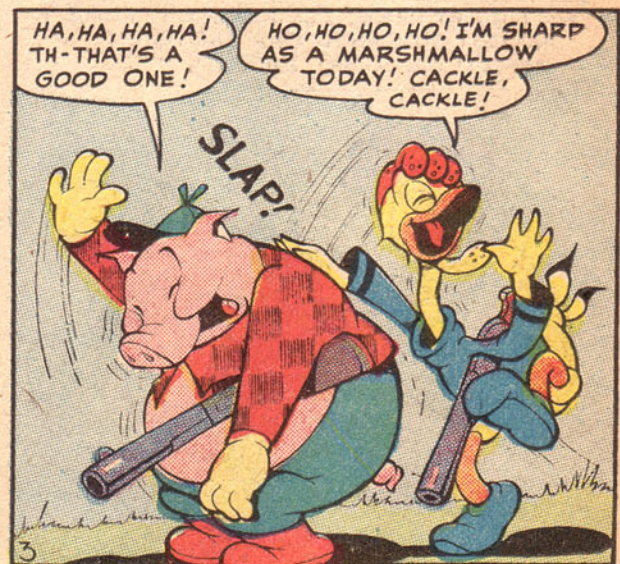
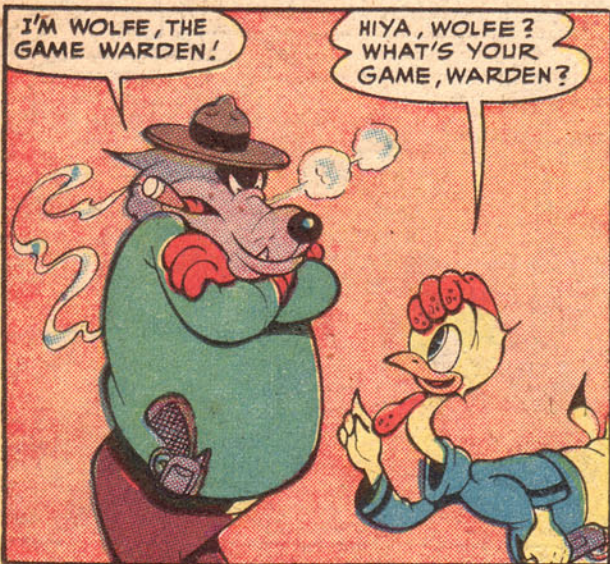
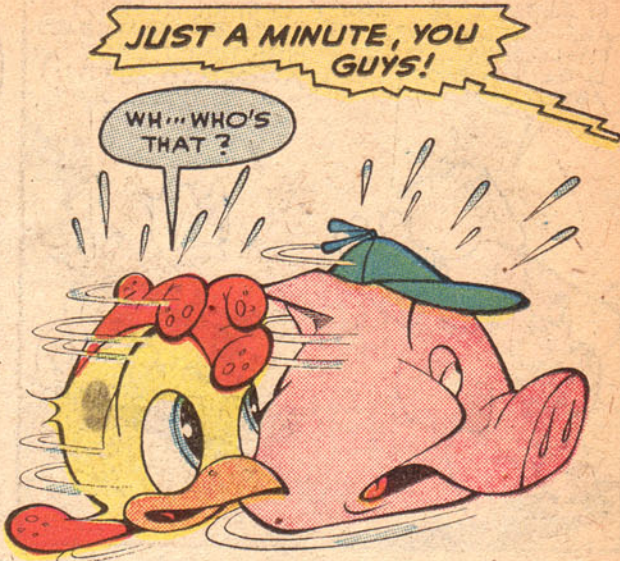
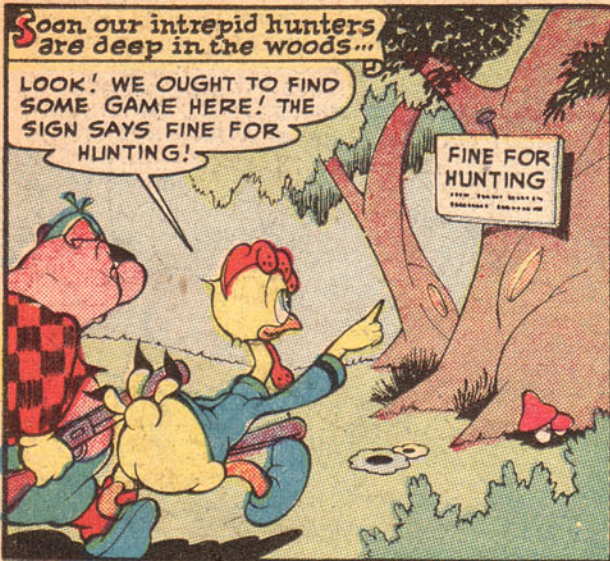
TWO DOLLARS A POUND! WRRAPPED IT GIFS VUN DOLLAR BEZIDES!

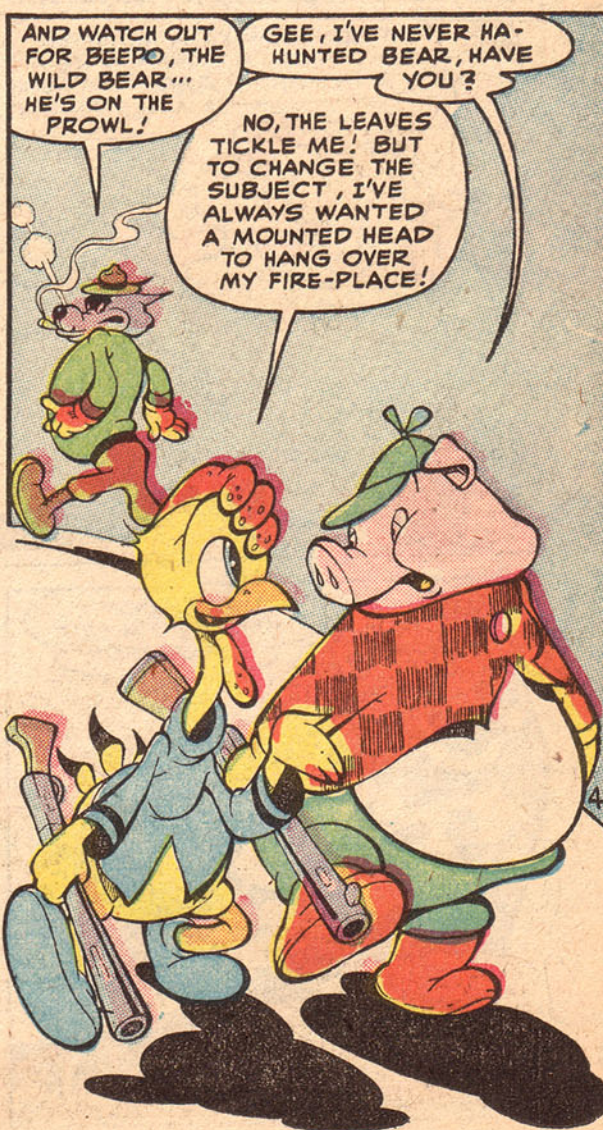
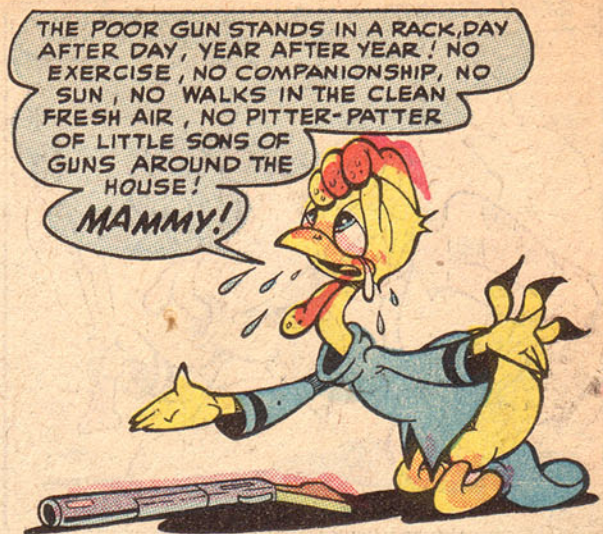
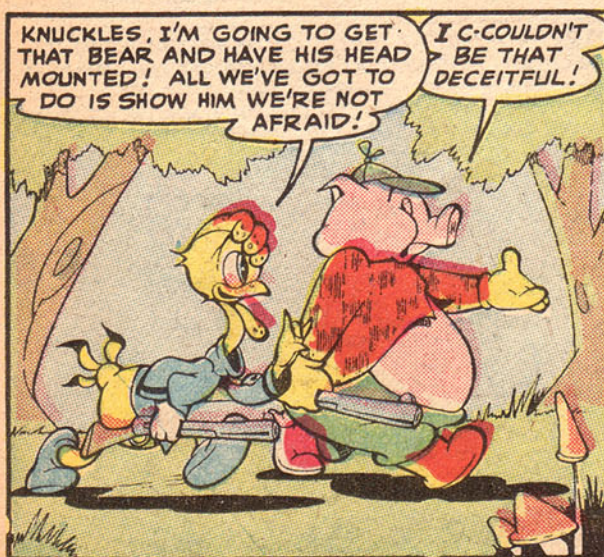
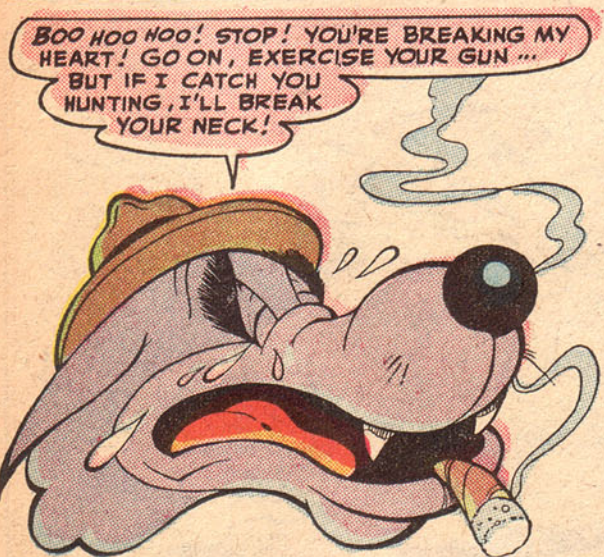
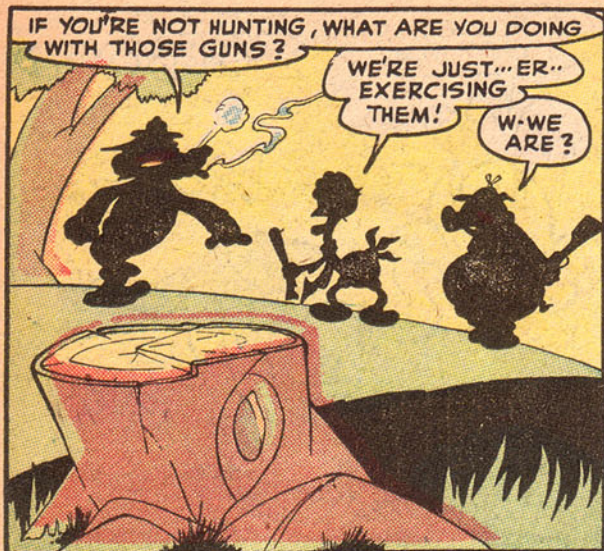
VE HAF ZOME SCHTEAK FOR THREE DOLLARS A POUND, UND FRRRRANKFURTS FOR VUN DOLLAR, UND RRROAST

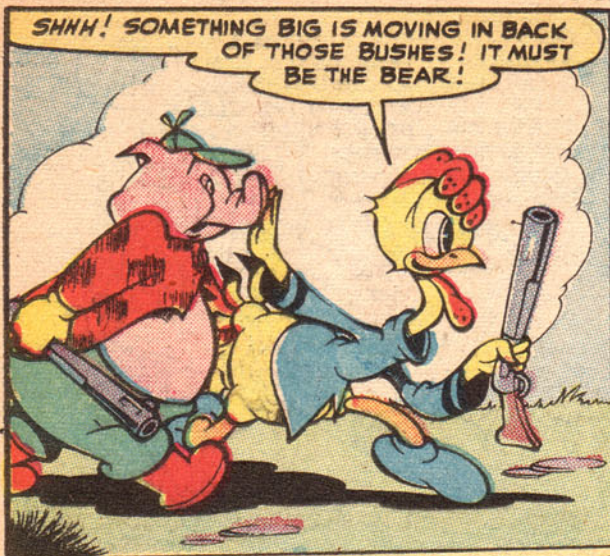
GOLLY, I CAN'T AFFORD THOSE PRICES! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO FOR MEAT? GOSH, I MAY EVEN HAVE TO GO TO WORK... FANTASTIC AS IT SOUNDS!





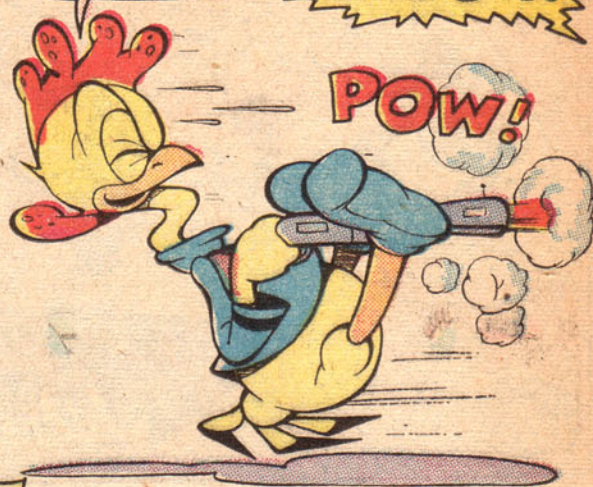




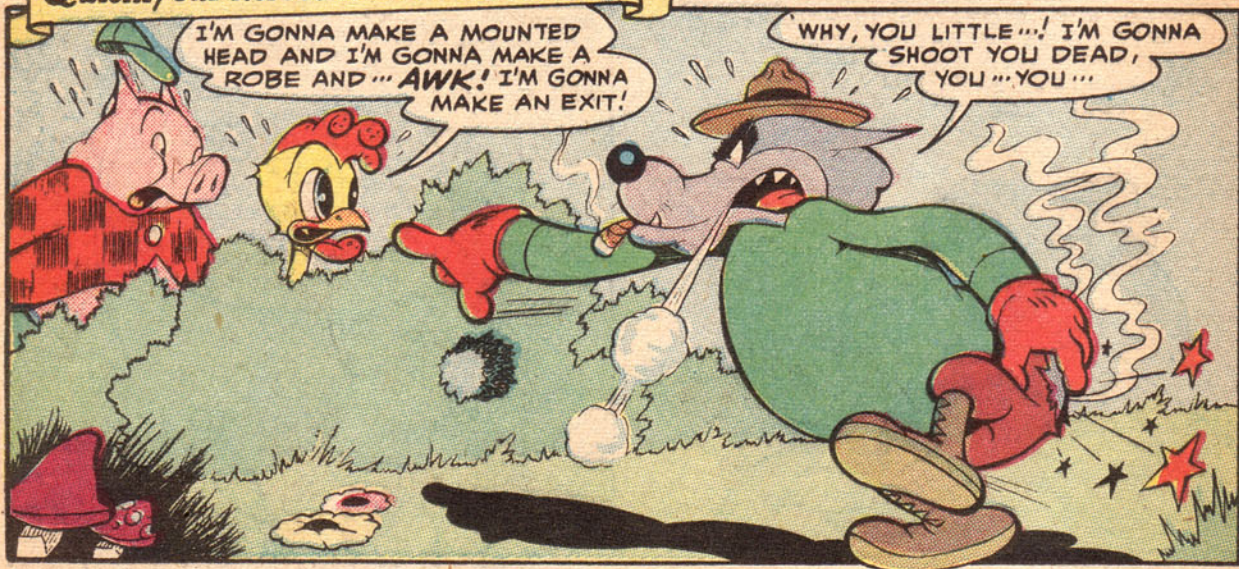


I GOT HIM!
I GOT HIM!

YEEOW!



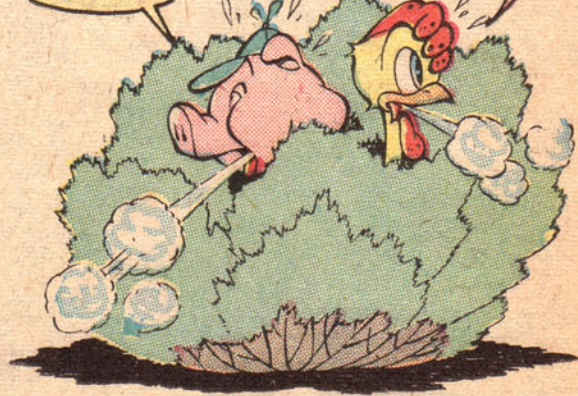
Quickly our heroes rush toward the kill...



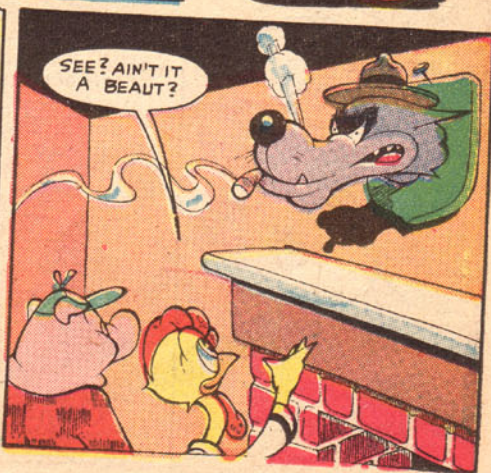
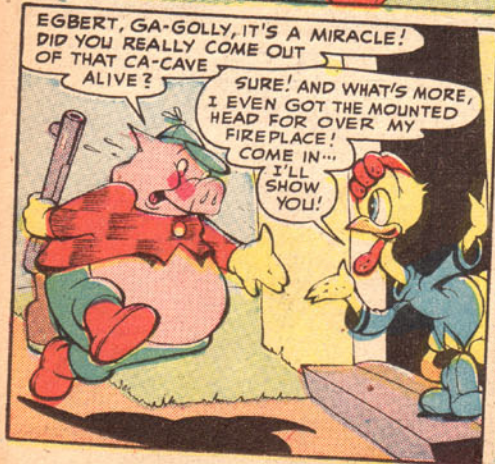
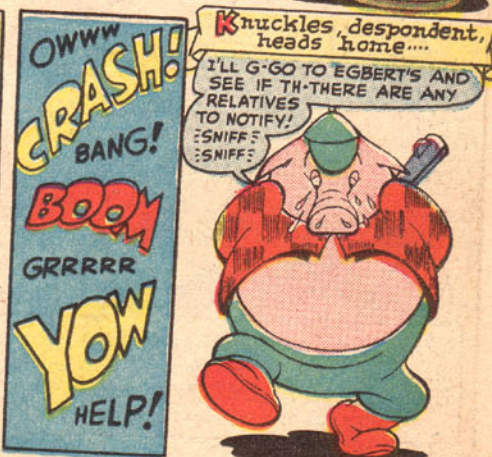
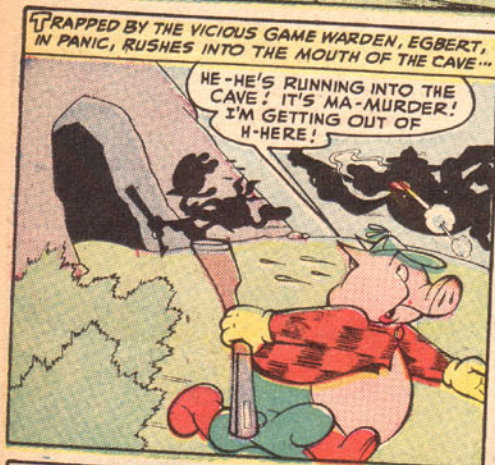
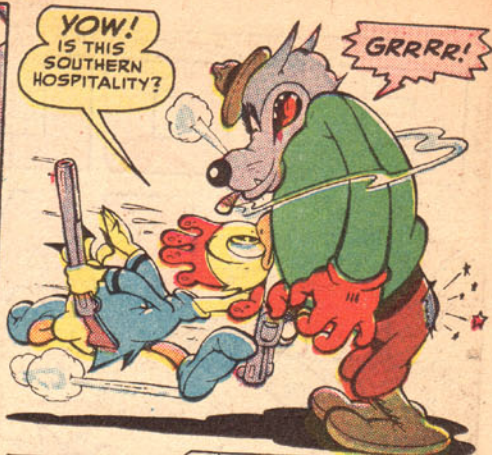
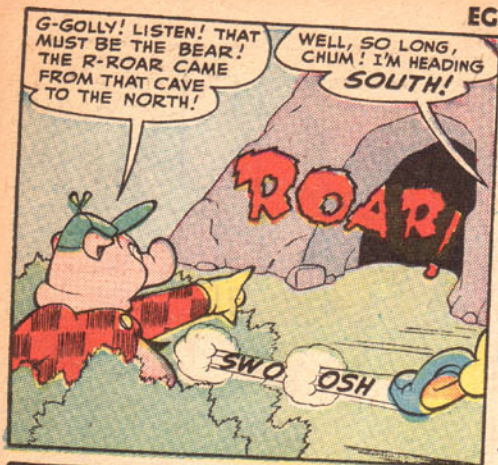
WITH A GREAT BURST OF DESPERATE SPEED, EGBERT AND KNUCKLES SHAKE OFF THE WARDEN!

PHEW! I TH-THINK WE GAVE HIM THE S-SLIP!

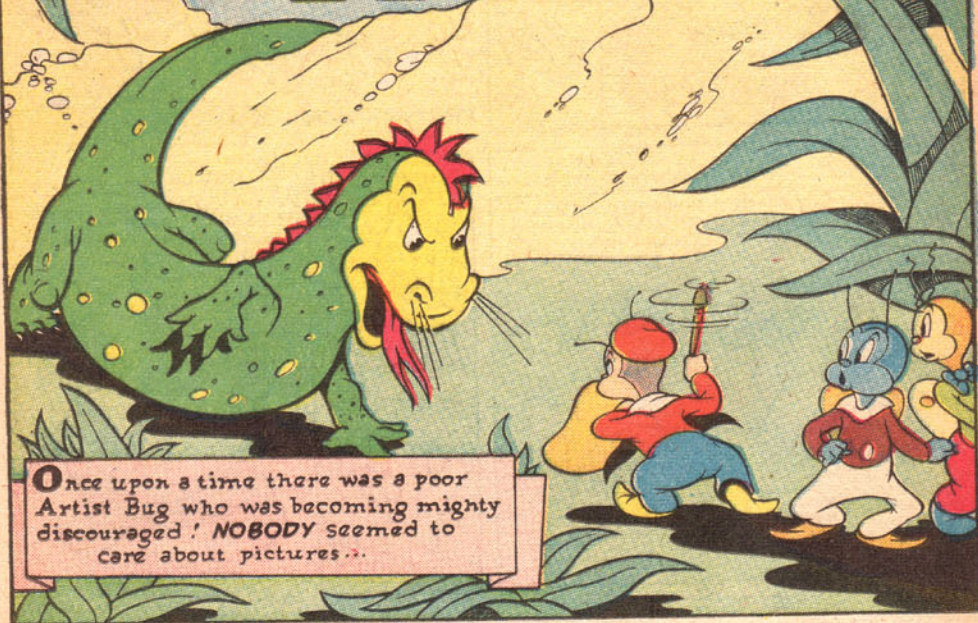
I DIDN'T KNOW HE WORE ONE!



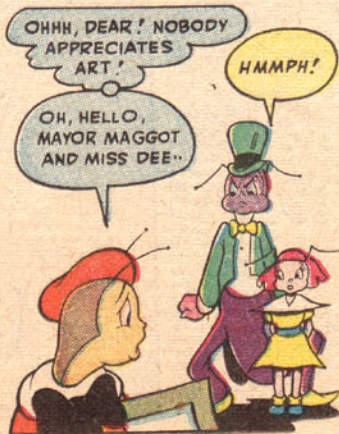
EGBERT

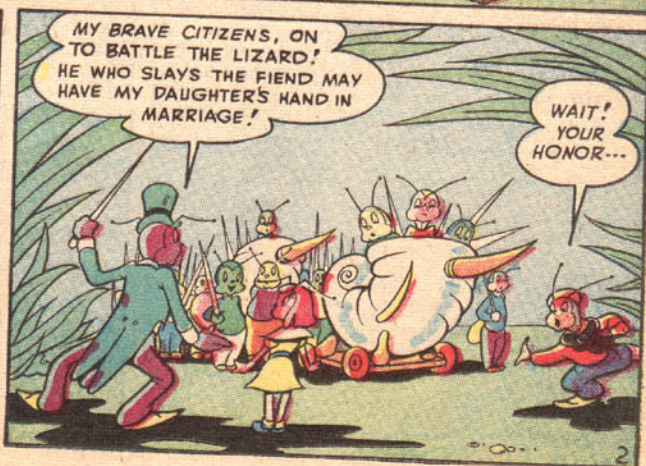
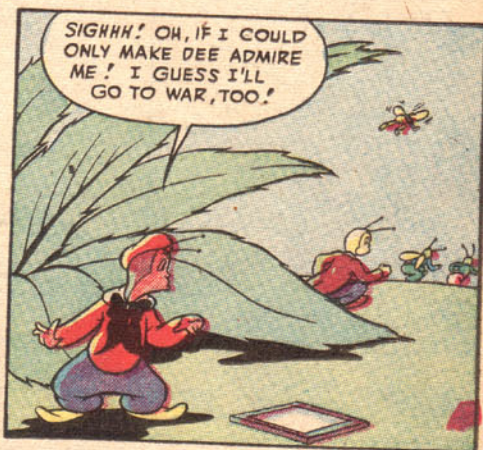
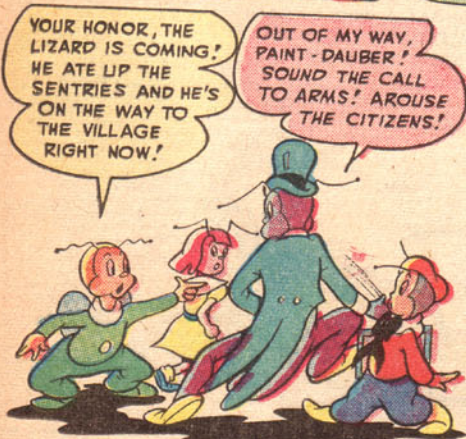
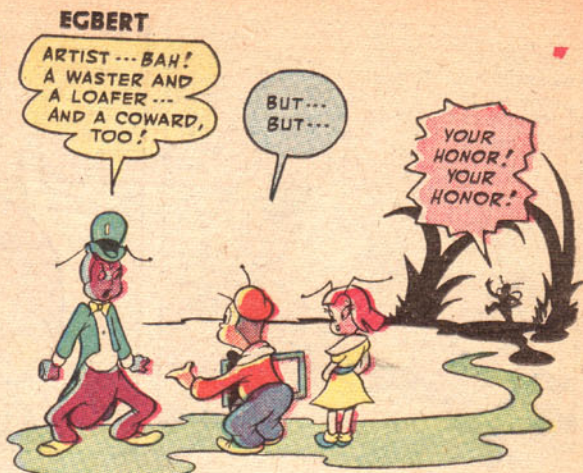


FOOLISH FABLES

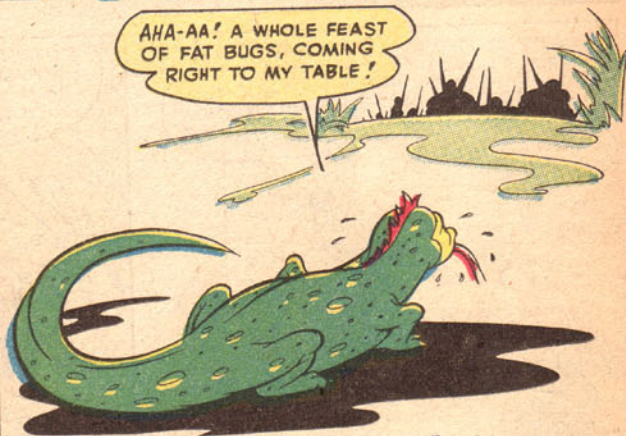
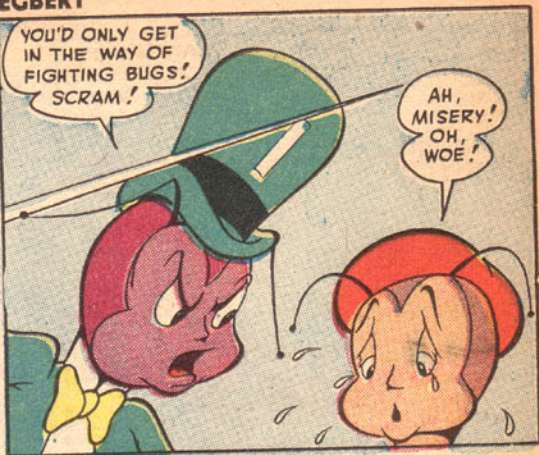


Once upon a time there was a poor Artist Bug who was becoming mighty discouraged! **NOBODY** seemed to care about pictures...

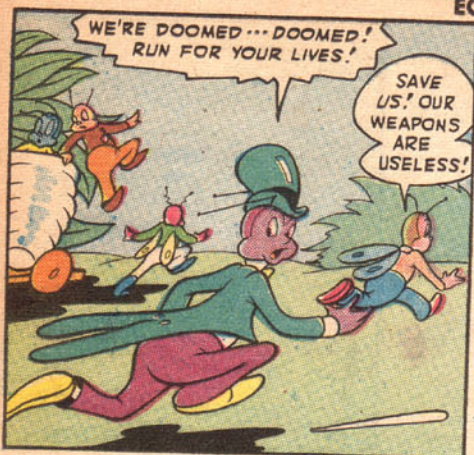




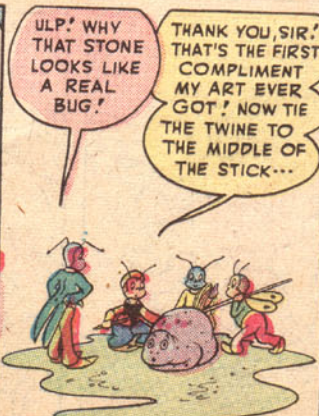
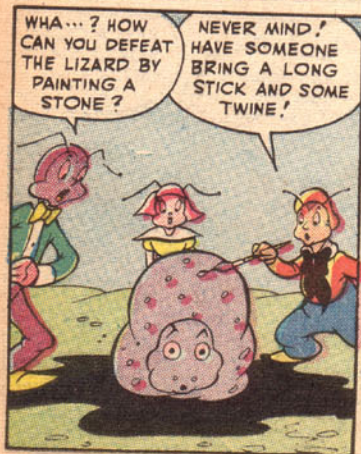
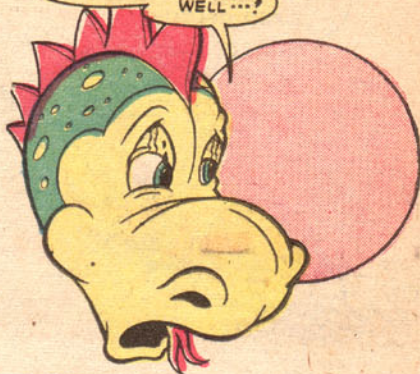
EGBERT

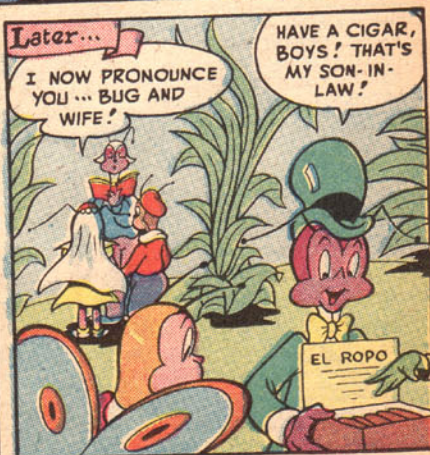
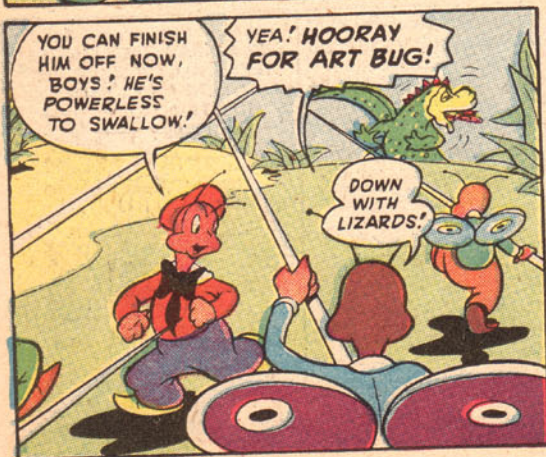
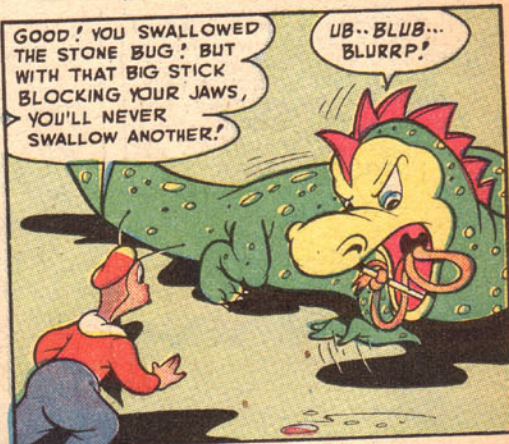
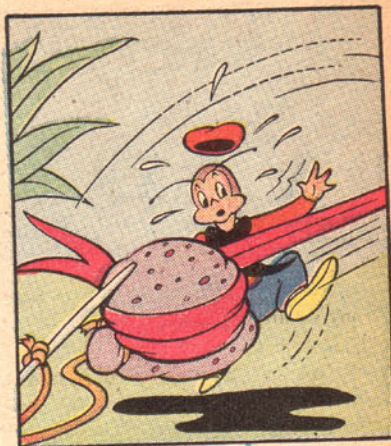
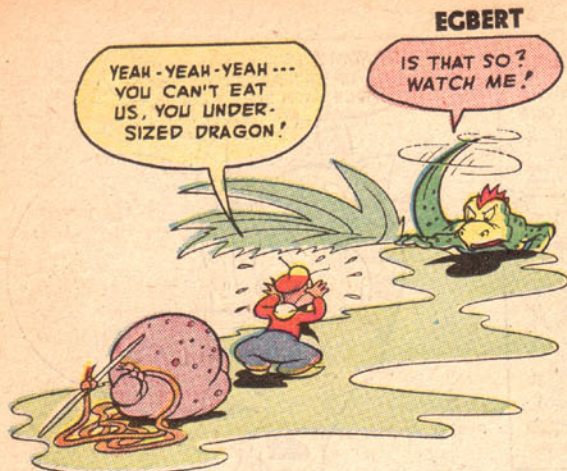


EGBERT



HO-HUM, NOW I'LL HAVE TO PICK UP THE REST OF THEM... ONE AT A TIME! OH, WELL...





EGBERT'S Birthday

IT HAD been raining, and that didn't seem right somehow on a fellow's birthday! But now it had stopped and Egbert felt very happy about the sun coming out again and a big red and purple and gold and—every color there was—rainbow curving right over his Aunt Henny's cottage.

Egbert gave a hop, skip and jump off the front steps and down the street, trying to look at the beautiful rainbow and at the same time examine the heavy, shiny, silver dollar clutched in his hand. That was the reason he slipped in a muddy puddle and fell *kerplunk*, the silver dollar flying out of his hand. The coin hit a stone with a musical *cling* and bounced into a pair of eagerly outstretched hairy hands.

"What luck!" the Count cried, snapping his jaws in glee. "A whole dollar!"

"That silver dollar's my Aunt Henny's birthday present to me," Egbert cried, jumping to his feet. "I wouldn't have dropped it if I hadn't been watching that red and purple and gold and—every color there is—rainbow that's curving across the sky!"

The sly fox cocked an eye up at the beautiful rainbow. "There's a pot of gold at the end of that rainbow, Egbert," he said softly.

Egbert snorted through his beak and kept on trying to pry the Count's fingers loose from his money. "Everybody knows that! You let go my silver dollar, Count!"

"But," said the Count, bending his head farther back to regard the rainbow, "Everybody doesn't know where the end of the rainbow is! I do!"

Egbert paused in the struggle to get his dollar back.

"Yes, Egbert," The Count nodded, "I know where that rainbow ends. And," he held up his hands as Egbert started to interrupt and spoke rapidly, "because you've been kind enough to lend your birthday dollar to a starving—er—very hungry fellow like me, I'm going to tell you where that rainbow ends so you can hurry there and collect the pot of gold."

Egbert stood back and stared at the Count. "Why don't you go and dig up the pot of gold yourself?"

"Because I hate digging, even gold-digging," the Count answered candidly. "Now listen carefully, Egbert—the rainbow ends on the edge of town in old miser Lempkin's yard. In his *side yard* near the oak tree," the Count said quickly, "not in his *back yard* under the tree with the apples on it!" The Count paused to lick his watering lips.

Egbert, in wild excitement, raced back to his Aunt Henny's for a shovel, then climbed over fences and cut across fields and finally, splashed with mud and out of breath, he came to the mended picket fence surrounding Miser Lempkin's tumbledown house. Tossing the shovel over the fence, Egbert climbed after it, reflecting that since he would be finding the pot of gold in Lempkin's yard, he would give the poor old miser half of what he found.

Just as he started to dig, a sudden and terrible roar of rage seemed to paralyze him. He looked up to see old miser Lempkin, seeming as big and awful in his anger as a fire-breathing ogre, tearing around the corner of the house.

Before Egbert could so much as stir his quaking legs, miser Lempkin had snatched up Egbert, shovel and all, and was carrying him into the dismal house.

The terrible miser threw Egbert roughly on the floor bellowing, "Robber! Thief! Vandal! Hoodlum!" Then he snatched up the hatchet beside the stove and his face twitching with rage, stood over Egbert. "I'll give you one minute to explain what you were doing in my yard," he snarled.

"Everybody knows there's a pot of g-gold at the end of the r-rainbow," Egbert quavered. "The r-rainbow ended in your yard and I was going to dig up the g-gold!" Egbert added quickly. "And I was going to give you half, miser Lempkin, sir, honest I was!"

Old miser Lempkin held the hatchet as if about to chop Egbert into chicken fricassee,

while Egbert told how it was his birthday and he had met the Count, and the entire story. It took a lot longer than one minute and, by this time, old miser Lempkin's rage had left him. He didn't seem as large now and not at all like a fire-breathing ogre, and his hand shook as he lowered the hatchet. "It was meeting characters like that Count when I was young and having them cheat me of my money, that made me a miser!" the old man said, sinking into his broken rocking chair with what seemed to Egbert a tiredness beyond his years. Old miser Lempkin sighed heavily and added, "A poor unhappy miser that nobody comes to see. Boys and girls only run from me or try to steal apples from the tree in my backyard." The old miser glanced out the window then, and started out of his chair. "See, there's a rascally fox stealing my apples right now!"

"The Count!" Egbert said, looking out the window. "So that's why he told me to dig in the *side yard*! He wanted to get your attention from the apple tree in the *back yard* so he could steal the apples!"

"Oh, so that's the scoundrel who has your silver dollar." Miser Lempkin, already half way to the door, stopped and turned back to Egbert. "Let the Count steal those apples and eat them. They're still green enough to give him the stomach ache—that's the only reason I didn't want the kids taking them yet!"

"I'm sorry you're so lonesome," Egbert said, looking about the dismal kitchen. "I tell you what—" he squawked on happy inspiration, "it's my birthday, so I'll tell all the kids I'm having a birthday party and invite them over here to cheer you up! I'll run and get some flour and sugar from Aunt Henny and we can bake a cake and everything!"

"That—that would be wonderful, Egbert," the lonely old miser said with an odd quaver in his voice. "I have flour and sugar—"

"Then what are we waiting for?" the little chicken squawked happily.

But miser Lempkin gestured uncomfortably toward the stove, "But I have not pots and pans to bake a cake in, Egbert! I buried—er—lost them all!" The old miser was staring at Egbert strangely. Suddenly, he picked up the shovel and handed it to the little chicken. "Egbert, maybe the rainbow did end over my yard.

Now that I think of it, I'm sure it did! Go and finish digging under the oak tree and, if you should dig up a pot of gold, maybe we can use the pot to bake a cake in!"

Egbert rushed out into the yard, his feverish excitement returning as he started once more to dig under the oak tree. Cholly Chipmunk and Jumpy and Jivey Pig were passing by and Egbert called to them, inviting them to the party. When Cholly and the others found out that Egbert was digging for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, the news spread like wildfire and quite a crowd collected outside miser Lempkin's picket fence.

Suddenly Egbert's shovel struck metal and he almost fell down from excitement. "I've found it," he squawked. "I've found the pot of gold!"

Miser Lempkin's fence sagged inward from the pushing onlookers whose unbelieving laughter and jokes at Egbert's expense had stopped. But they began to laugh again when Egbert pulled out of the earth a rusty old cooking pot.

Was old miser Lempkin playing a joke on him? With a sinking heart, Egbert pulled the cover off the pan—then stared. The group beyond the fence stared, the fence sagging farther inward and beginning to crack, the sounds loud in the astonished stillness. Then the Count, who had laughed the loudest at Egbert and whose jibes had been the sharpest, gasped, "Gold Pieces! That cooking pot's filled with gold pieces!"

Suddenly the crowd cheered, the fence holding them back splintered into pieces, and they followed Egbert as he ran into the tumble-down house to show miser Lempkin that he had really found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Miser Lempkin had a big smile on his face, his hands were covered with flour from mixing cake dough, and he didn't seem surprised at all! He quickly poured the glittering gold pieces into a bag for Egbert and put the cake dough he had mixed into the pan, after first scrubbing it clean.

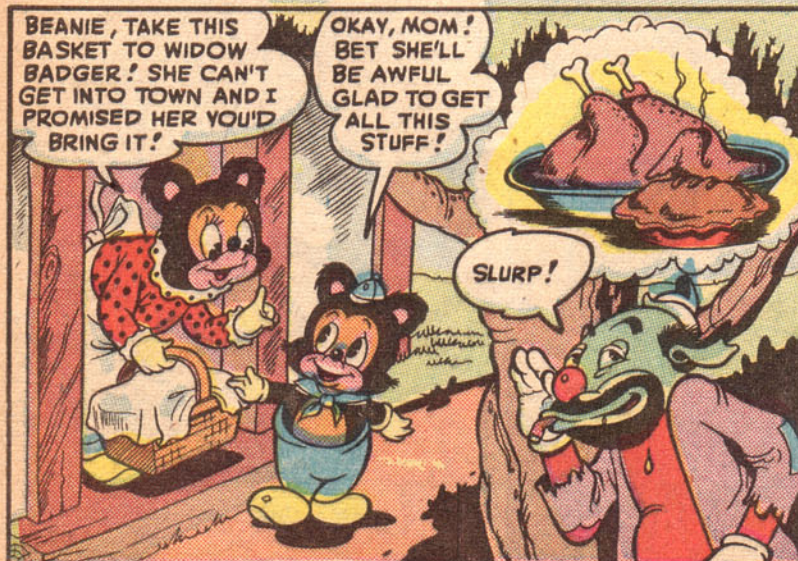
"Happy Birthday, Egbert!" he said.

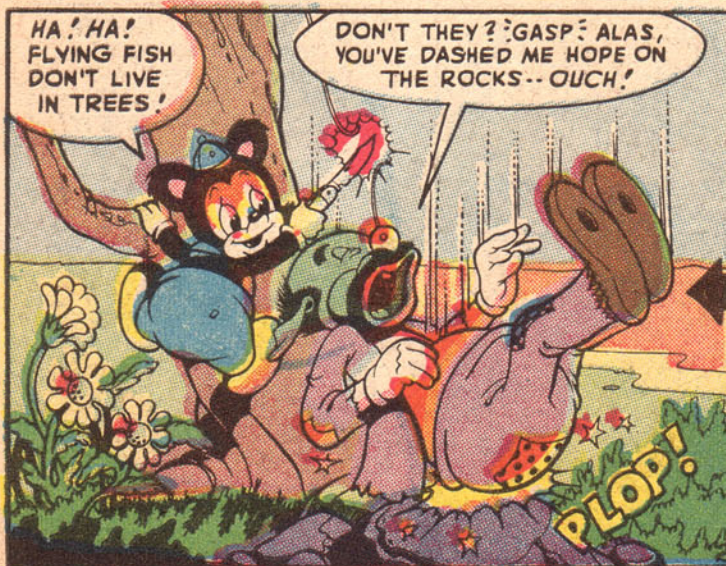
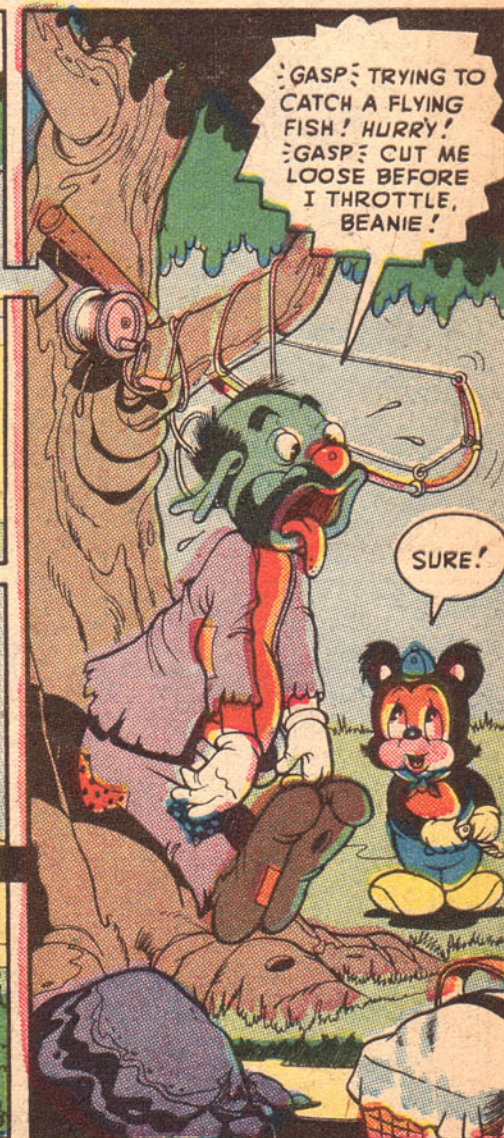
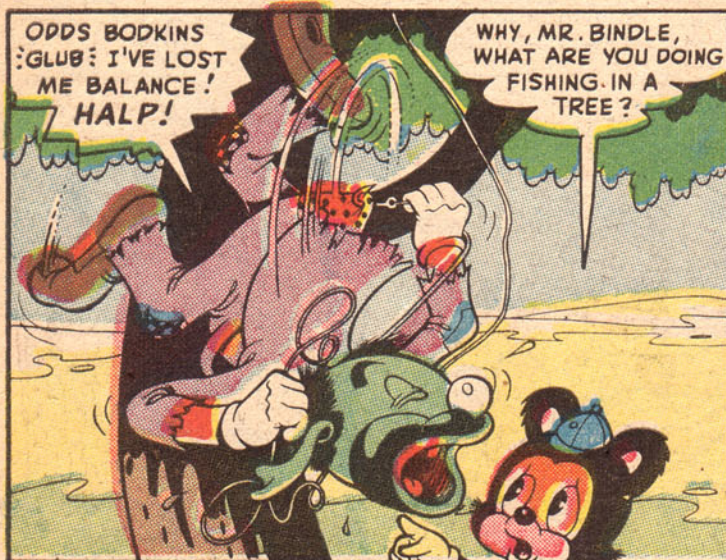
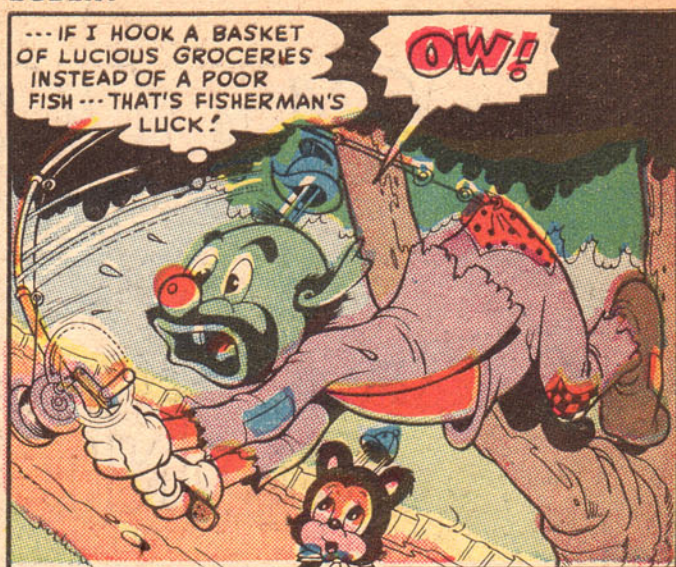
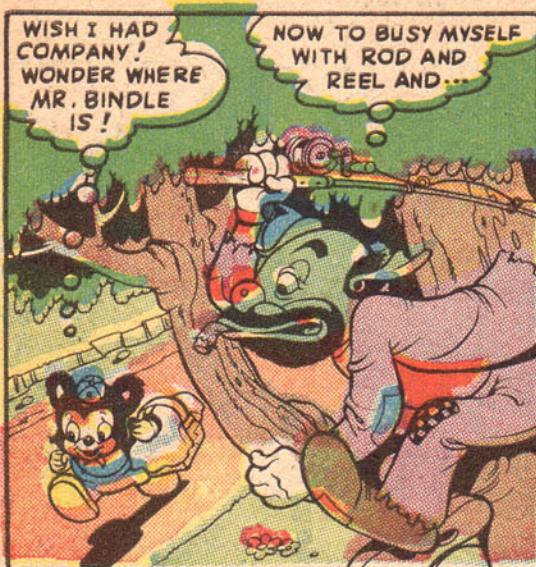
Everybody in the room began to talk at once, wishing Egbert a happy birthday—that is, everybody except the Count who groaned and was holding his stomach with his hands, doubled over from eating green apples.

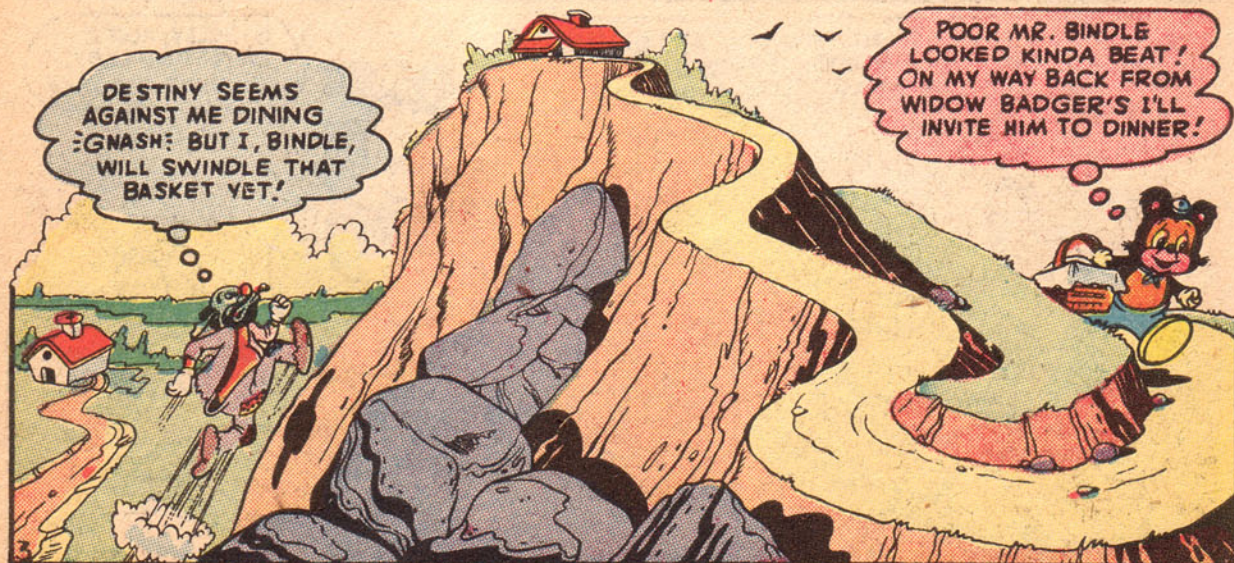
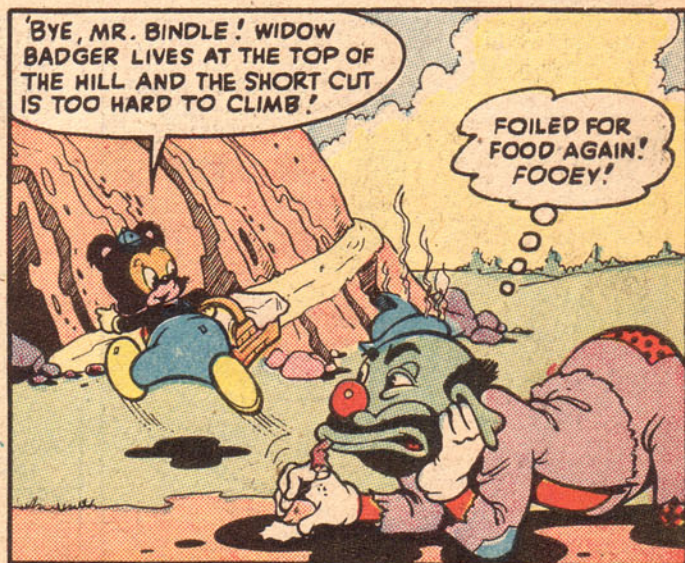
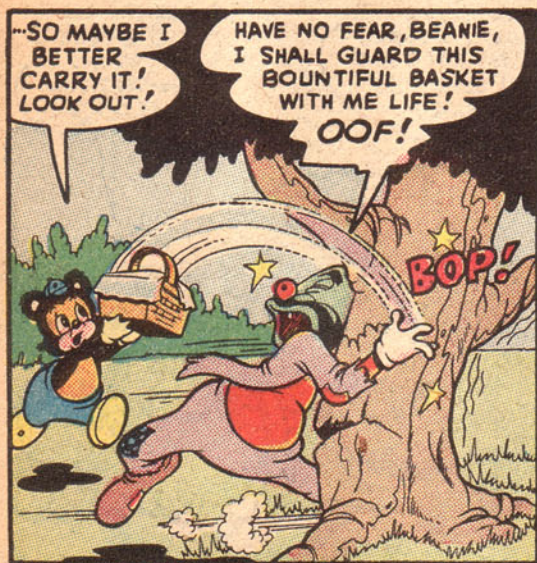
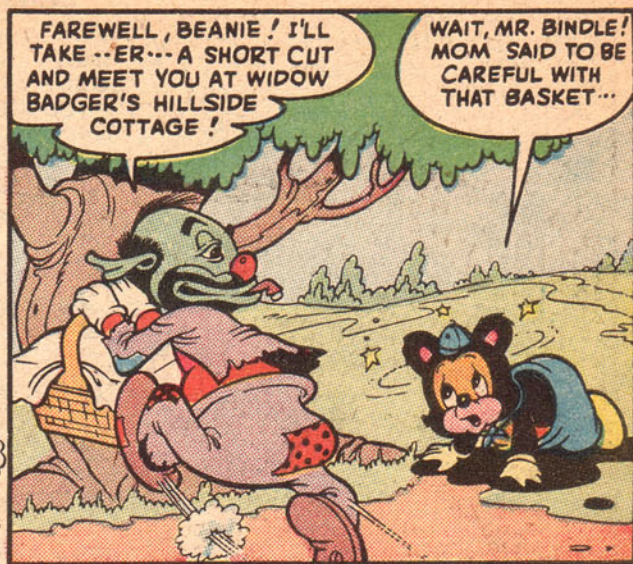
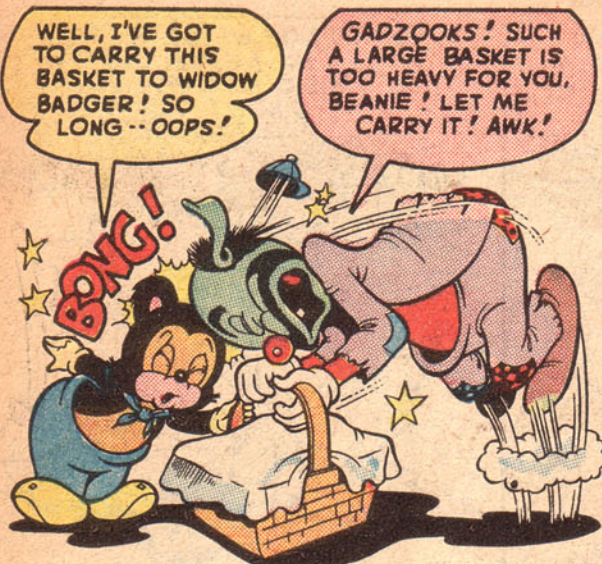
Beanie Bear

the cub scout

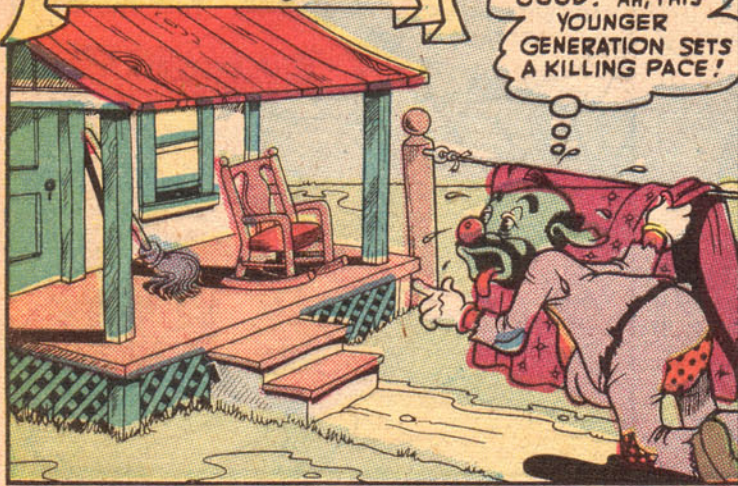
PIE THROWING CONTEST





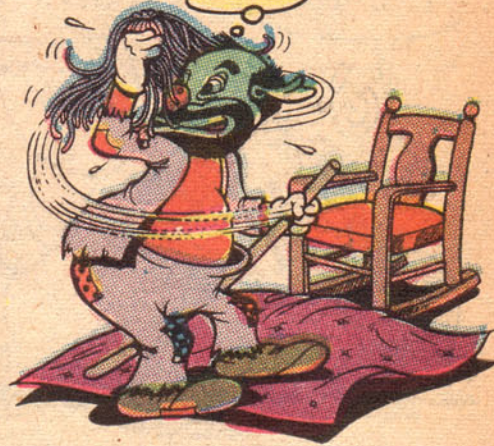


But Bindle arrives
at Widow Badger's...



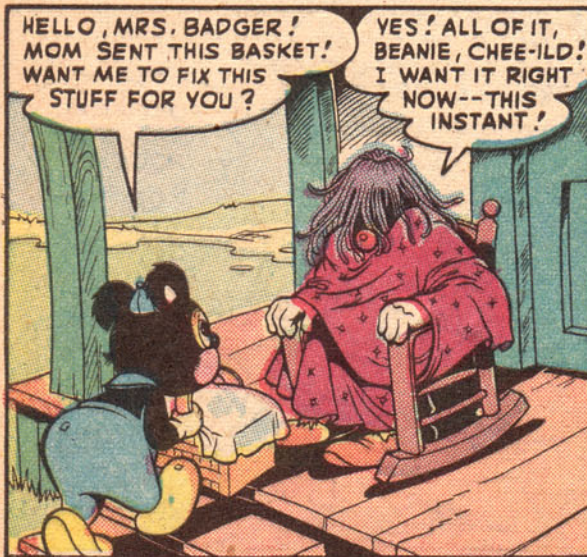
PUFF! WINDOW
SHADES DRAWN!
GOOD! AH, THIS
YOUNGER
GENERATION SETS
A KILLING PACE!

THIS MOP WILL SERVE
AS A WIG! GADZOOKS!
HERE COMES BEANIE
NOW!



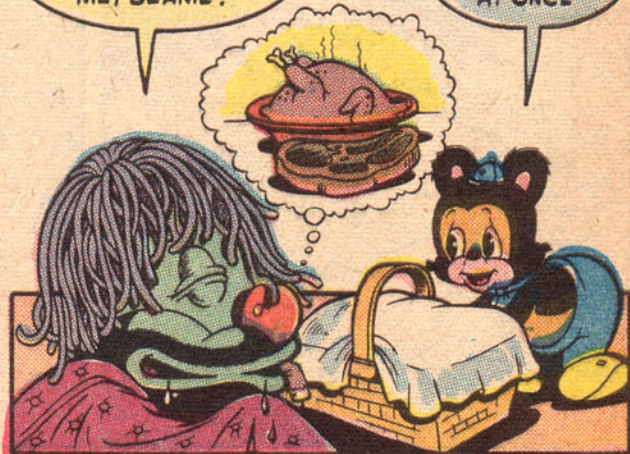
HELLO, MRS. BADGER!
MOM SENT THIS BASKET!
WANT ME TO FIX THIS
STUFF FOR YOU?

YES! ALL OF IT, BEANIE, CHEE-ILD!
I WANT IT RIGHT
NOW--THIS
INSTANT!



AH! SLURP! I SHALL
CLOSE MY EYES AND
LET YOU SURPRISE
ME, BEANIE!

I G-GUESS
TAKING
EVERYTHING
AT ONCE...

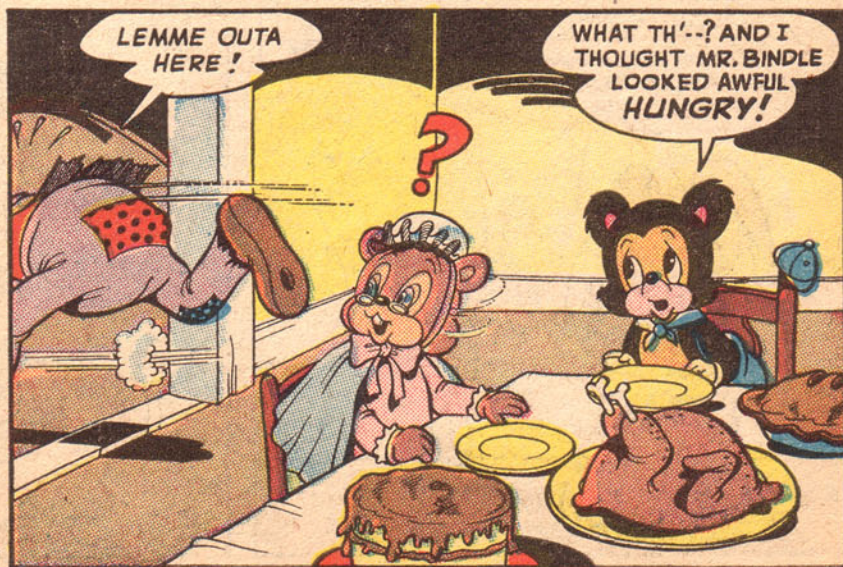
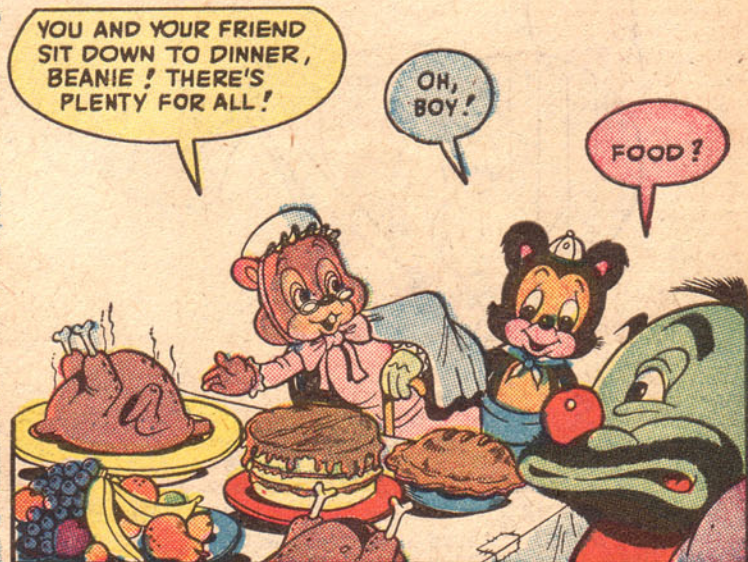
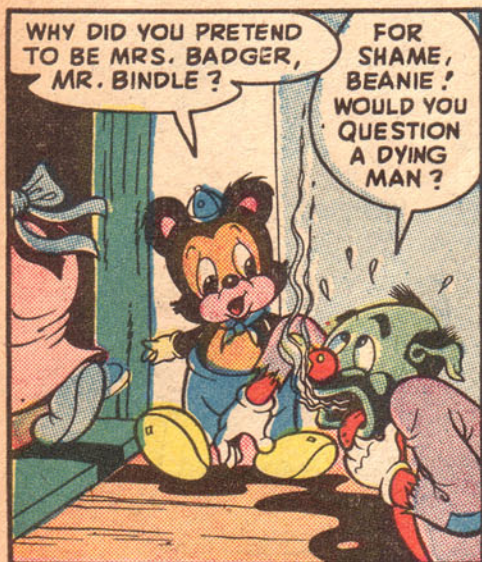
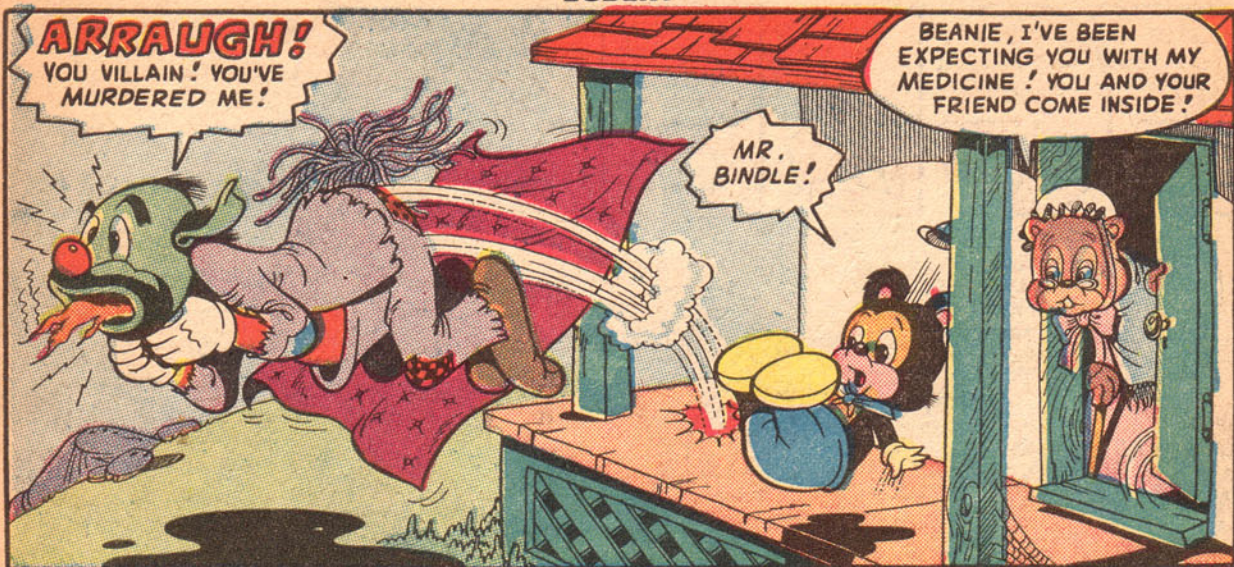


--WILL BE A SURPRISE, ALL
RIGHT! OPEN YOUR MOUTH,
MRS. BADGER, MA'AM!

AH! GLUG?
GLUG?
GLUG?

G-GOLLY, FOR A
LITTLE OLD LADY,
YOU SURE CAN TAKE
A LOT OF
MEDICINE!

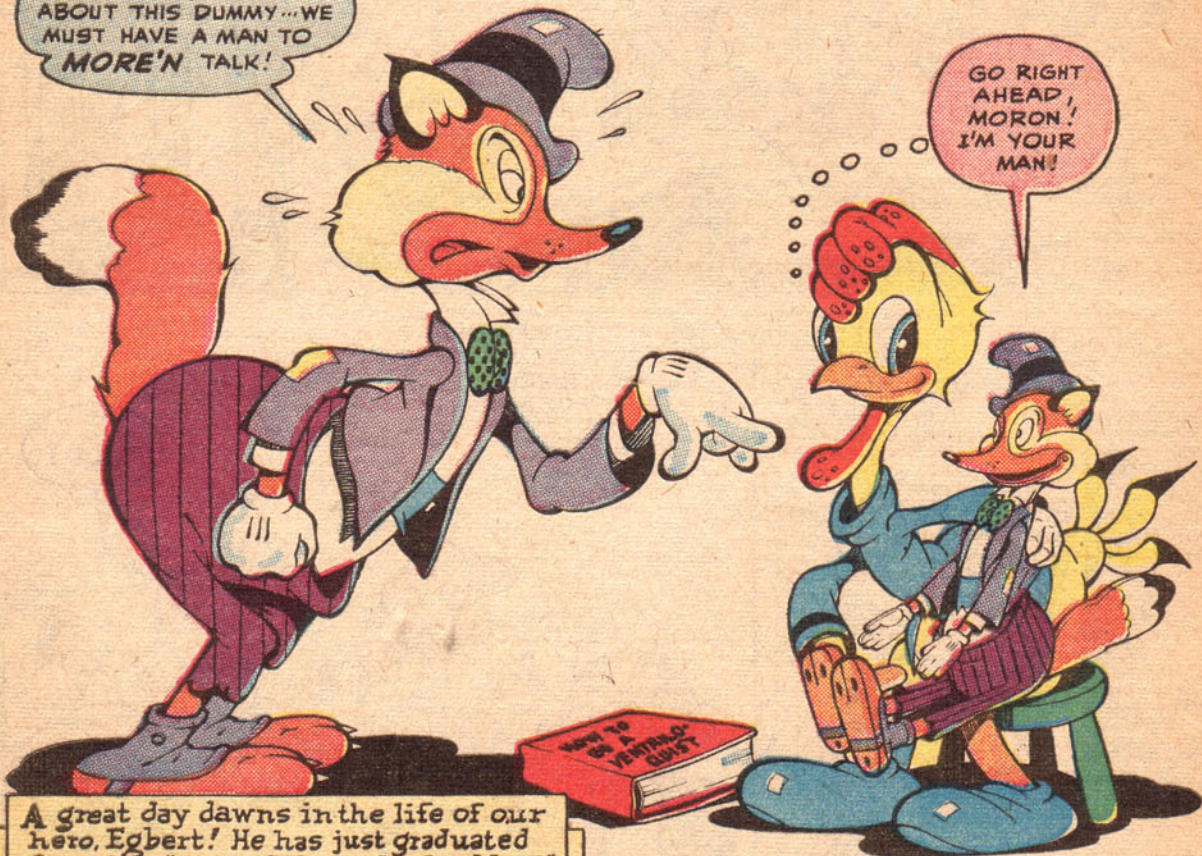




EGBERT *and the* COUNT

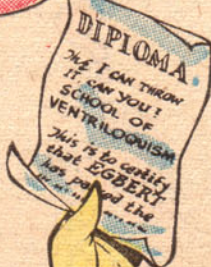
NOW, LISTEN, EGBERT!
ABOUT THIS DUMMY...WE
MUST HAVE A MAN TO
MORE'N TALK!

GO RIGHT
AHEAD,
MORON!
I'M YOUR
MAN!

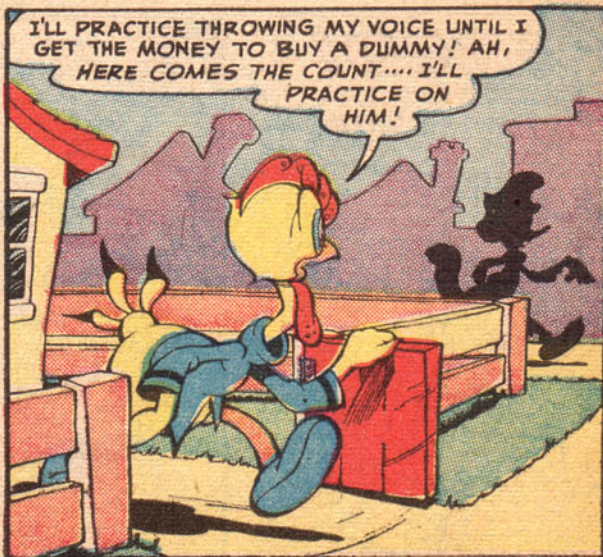


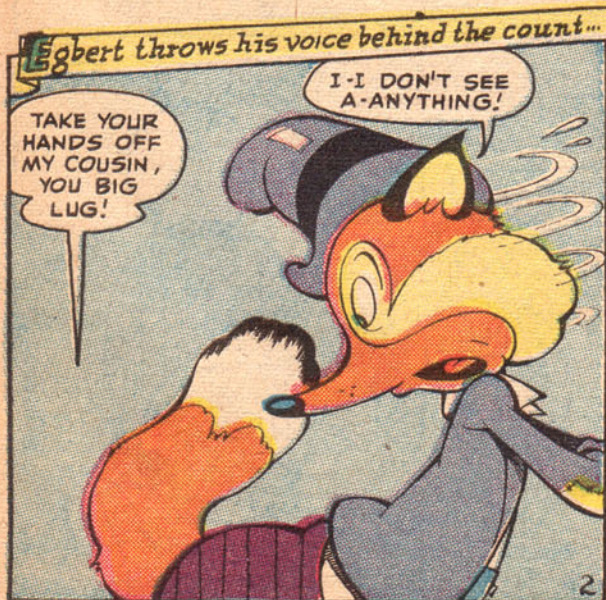
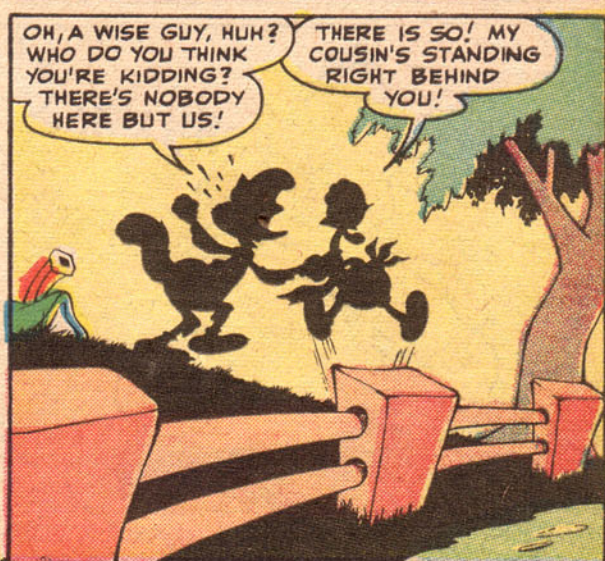
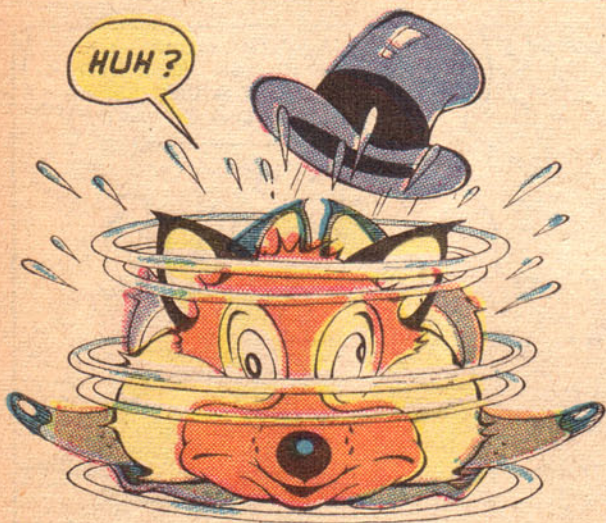
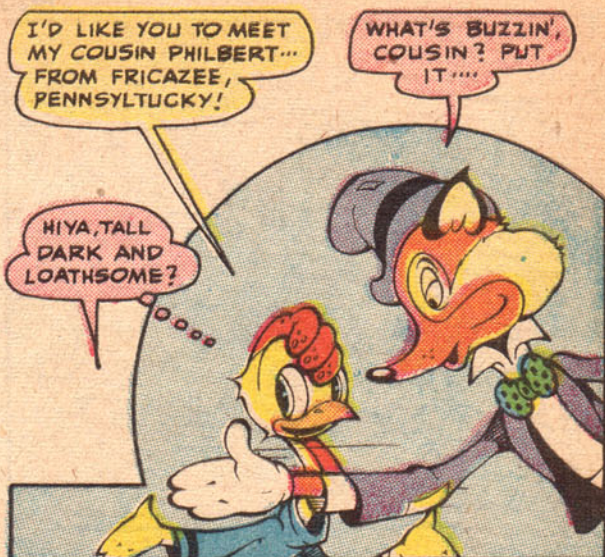
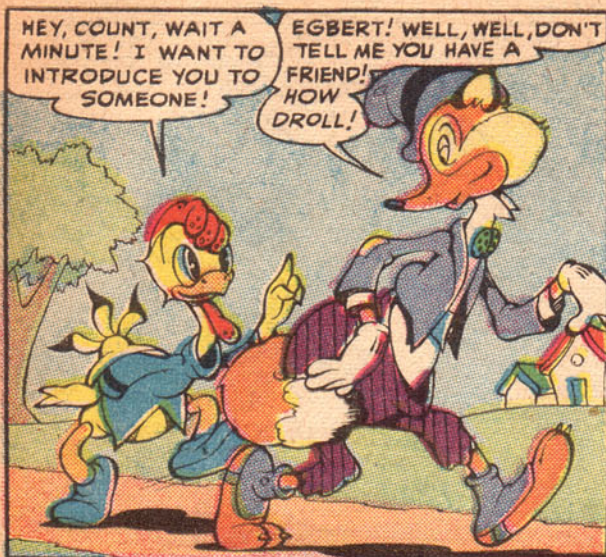
A great day dawns in the life of our
hero, Egbert! He has just graduated
from the "I Can Throw It, Can You?"
school of ventriloquism!

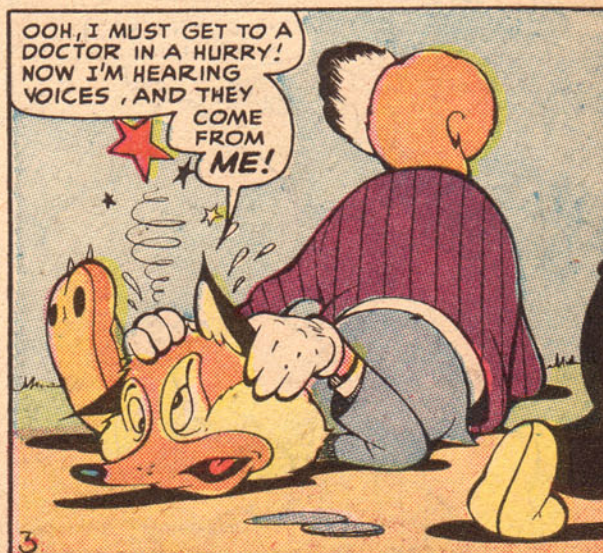
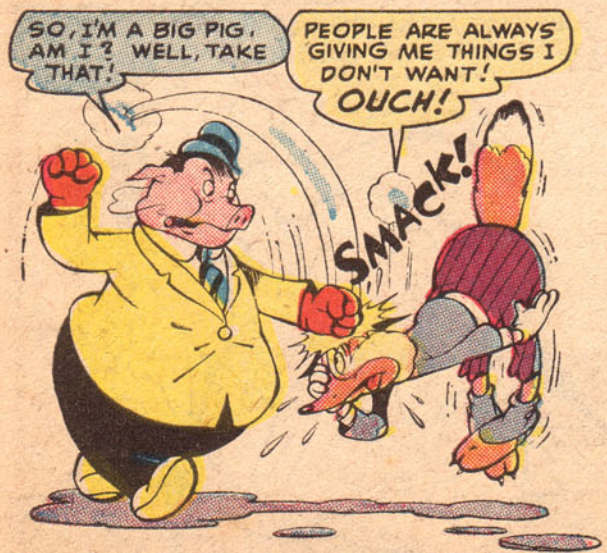
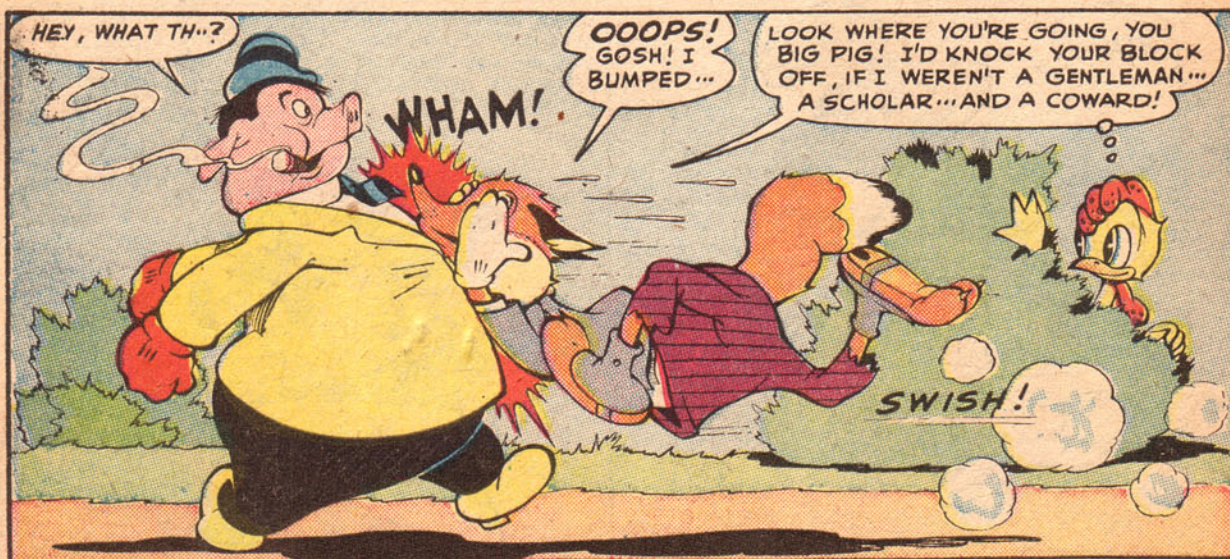
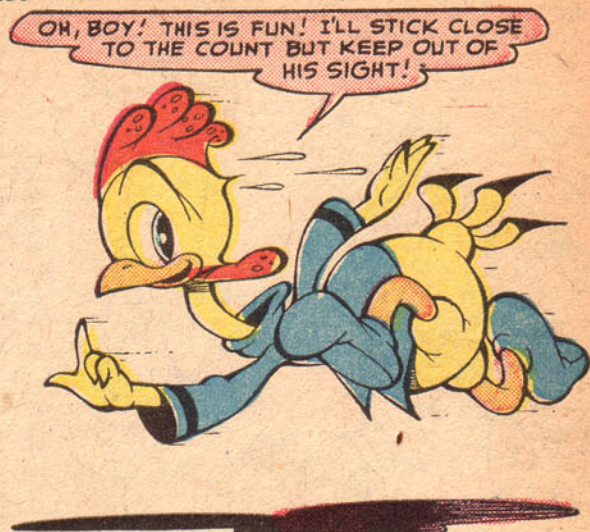
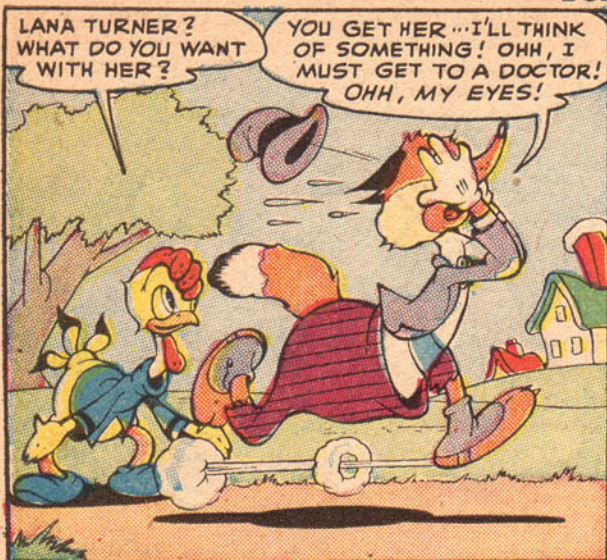
GEE! NOW ME AND ANOTHER
DUMMY COULD CLEAN UP IN
VAUDEVILLE, I'LL BET!



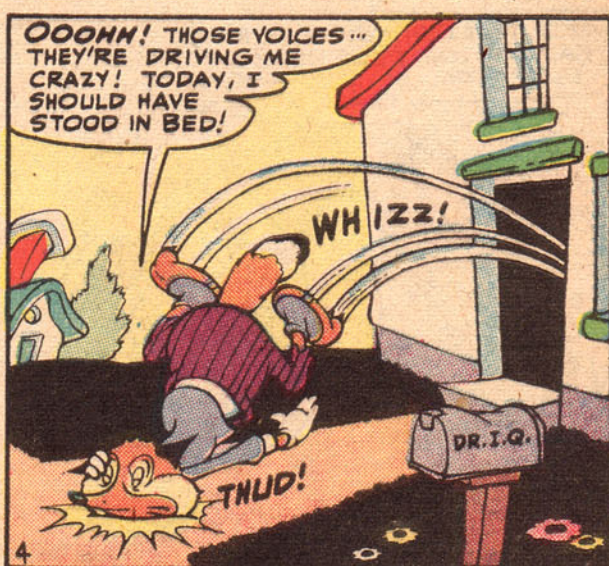
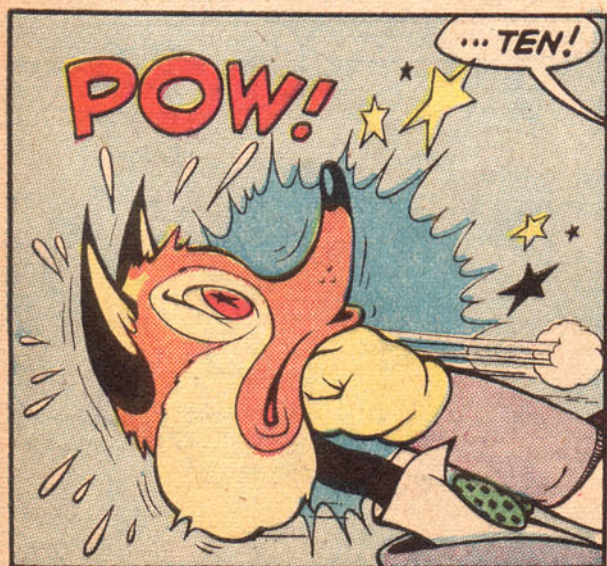
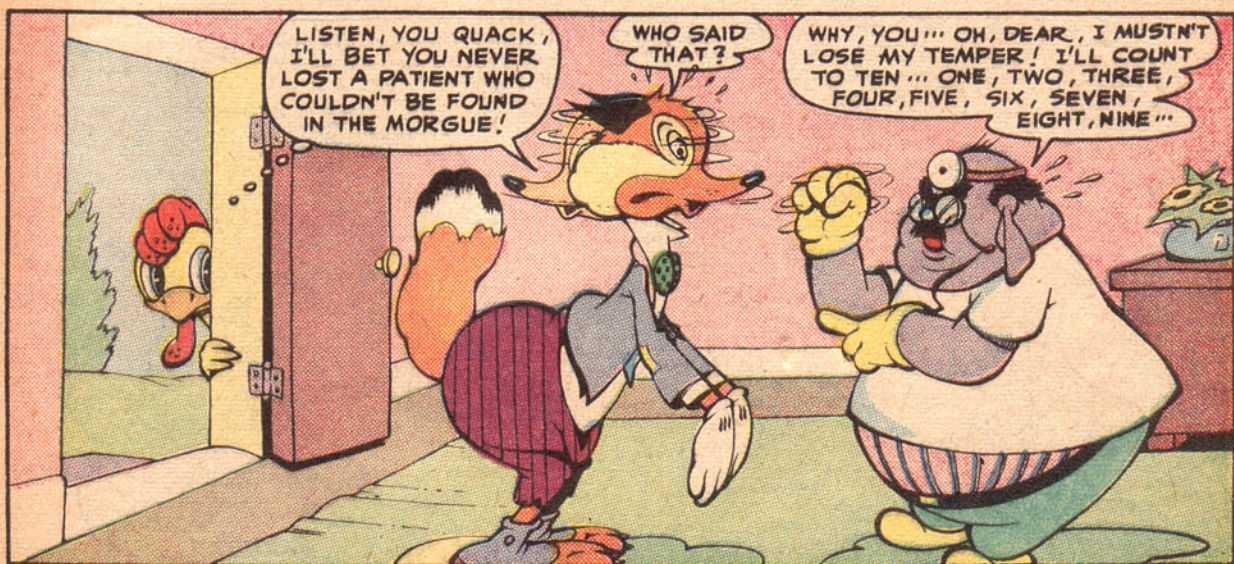
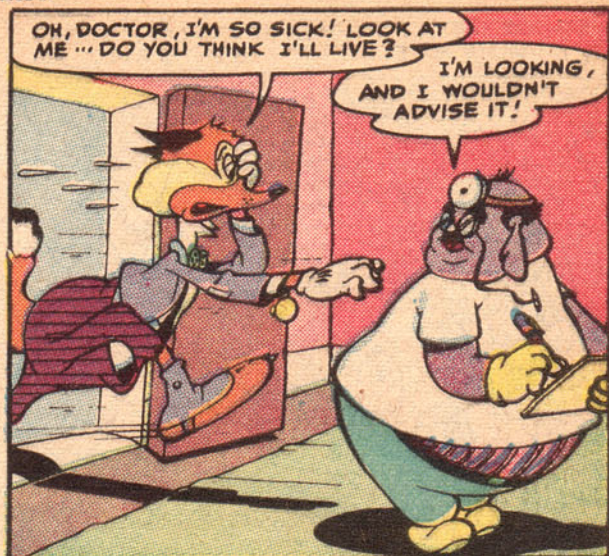
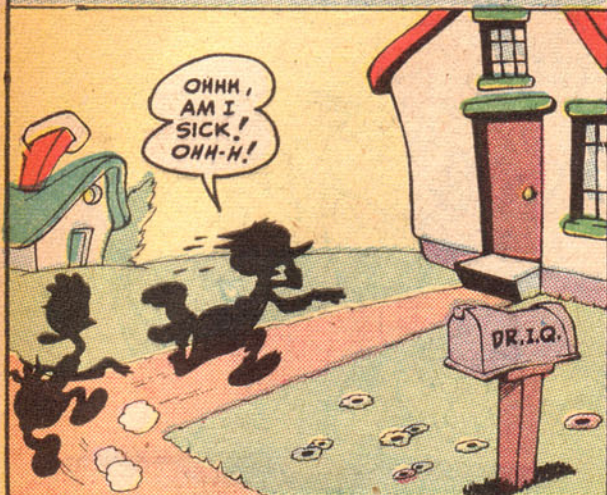
I'LL PRACTICE THROWING MY VOICE UNTIL I
GET THE MONEY TO BUY A DUMMY! AH,
HERE COMES THE COUNT.... I'LL
PRACTICE ON
HIM!

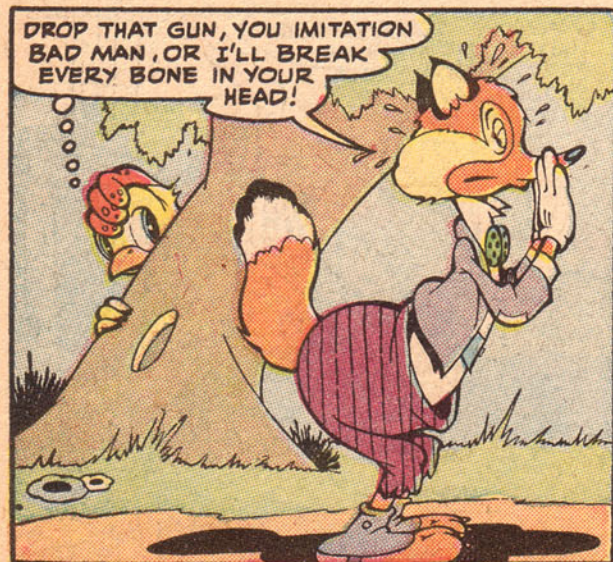
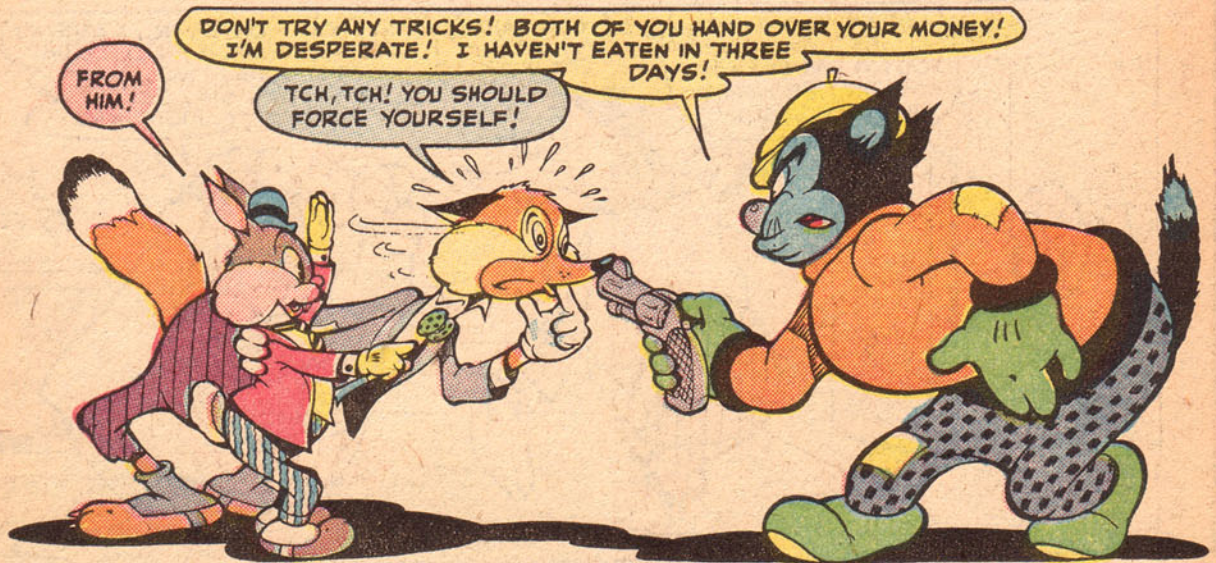
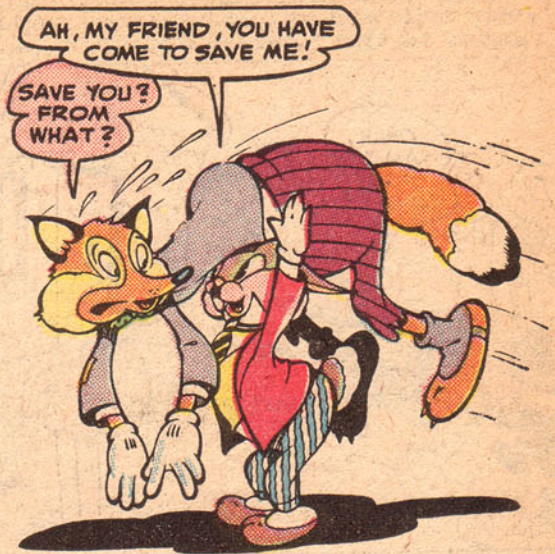
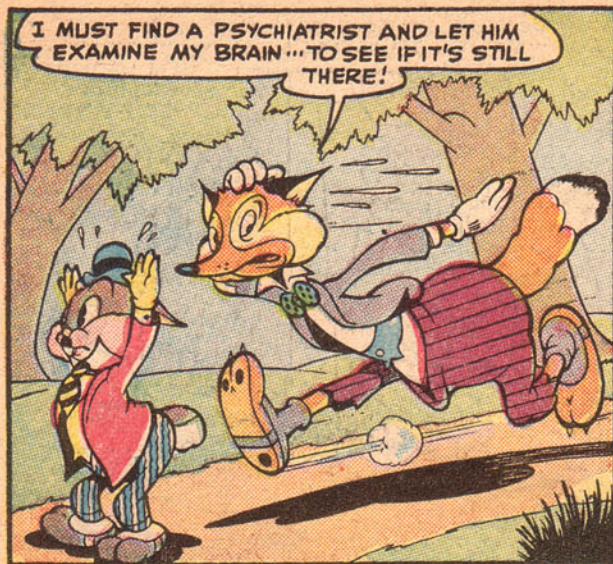


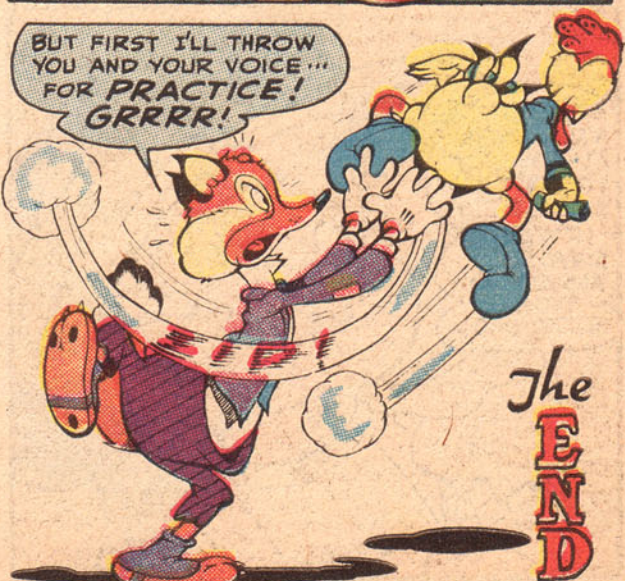
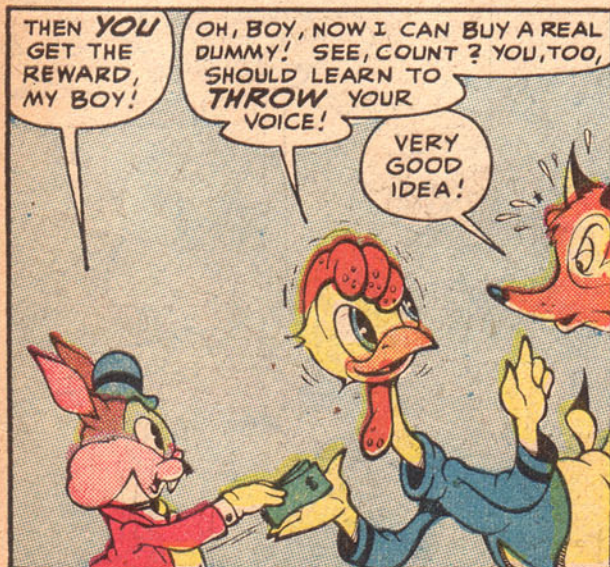
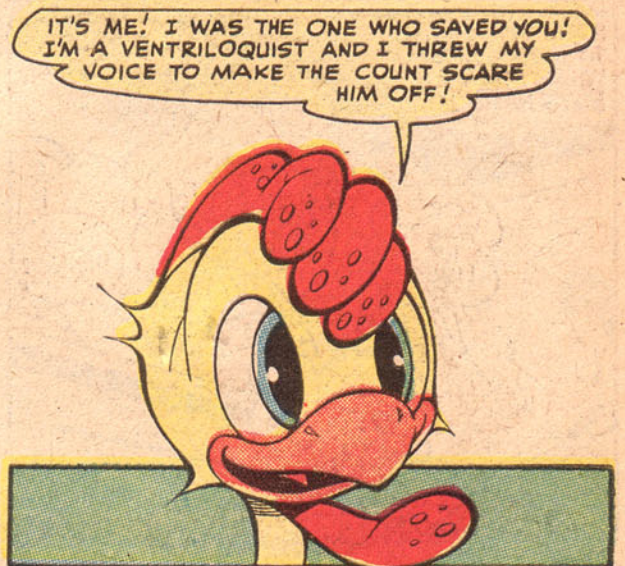
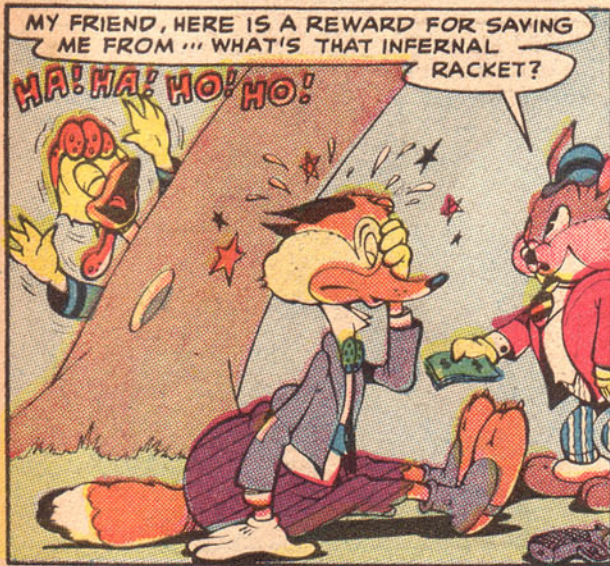
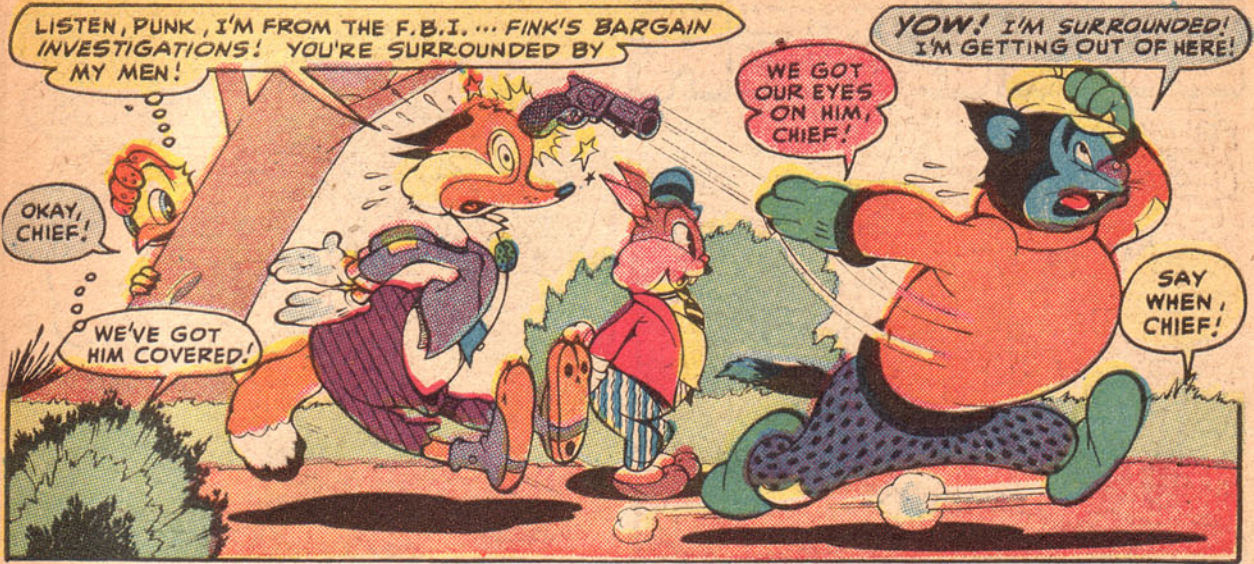




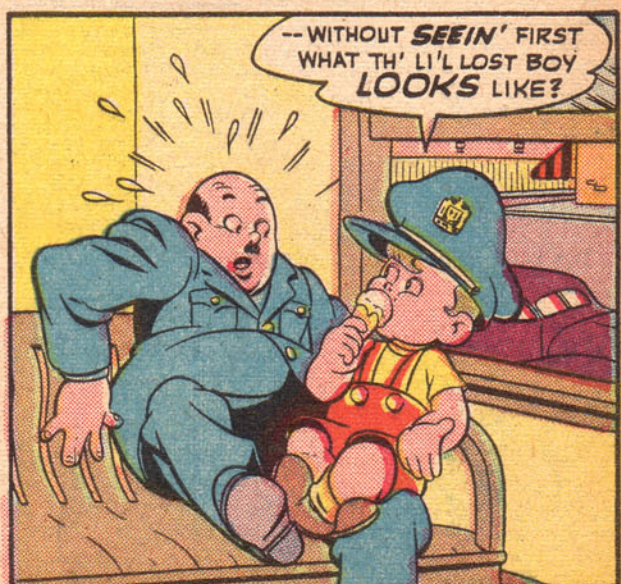
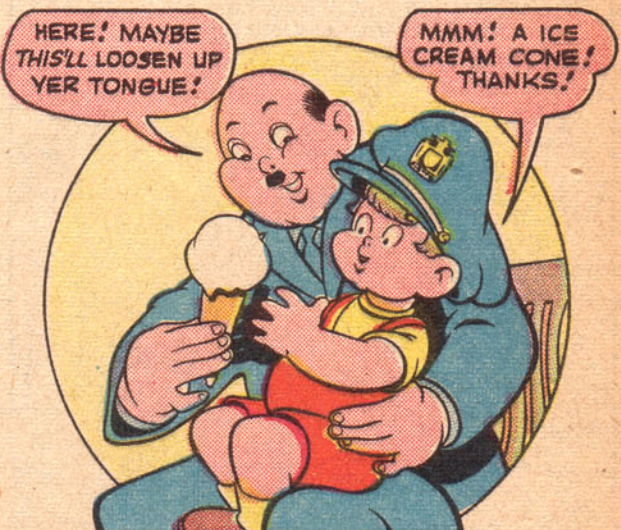
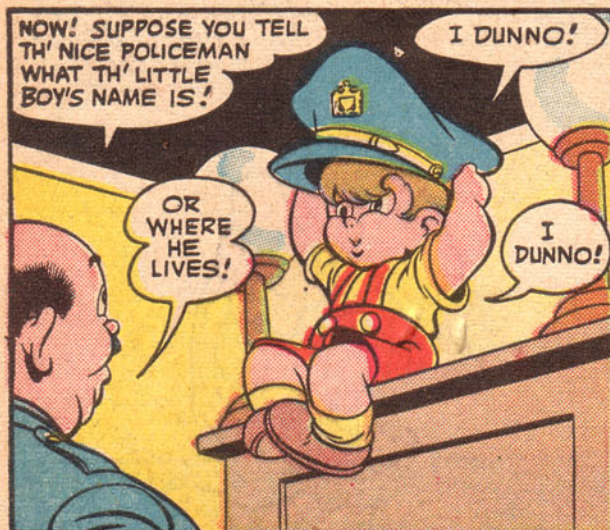
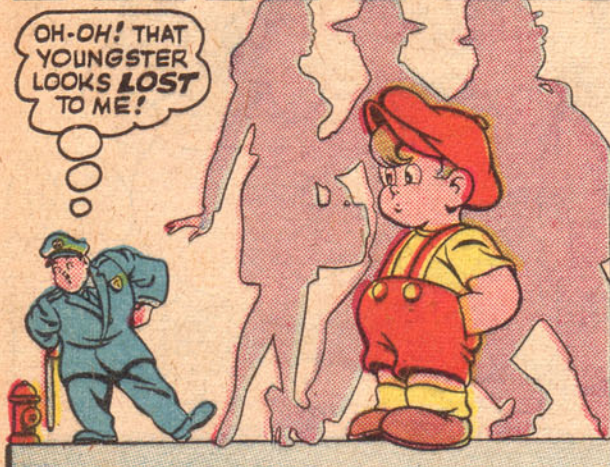
Closely followed by our hero, the count rushes to the nearest doctor!







SKIPPER

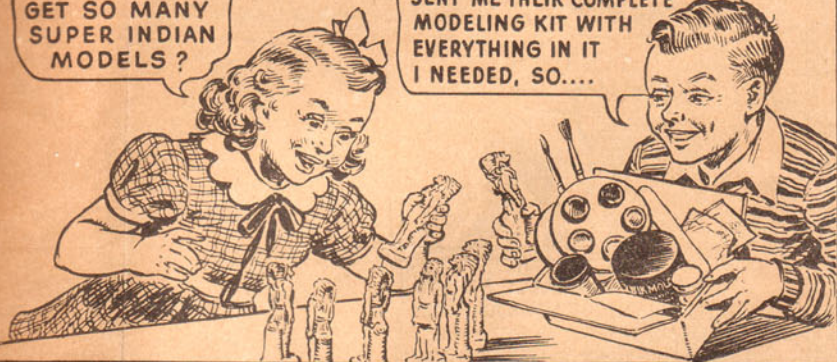


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I NEEDED, SO....



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... I JUST PAINT THE
INDIAN MODEL IN THE KIT
WITH LIQUID RUBBER
LIKE THIS!

LOOKS
EASY!



YOU SAID IT! WHEN THE
RUBBER DRIES, I STRIP IT
OFF AND I'VE GOT A RUBBER
MOLD OF THE INDIAN.

WHAT
DO YOU
DO WITH
THAT?



JUST FOUR MODELING
POWDER INTO IT. THEN
WHEN IT DRIES, I
REMOVE THE RUBBER.

DOES THAT
MAKE A CAST
OF THE INDIAN?



YUP—JUST LIKE MAGIC! NOW I
PAINT THE INDIAN. SHUCKS, I CAN
MAKE HUNDREDS OF 'EM FROM THIS
ONE MOLD—SELL 'EM, TOO! YOU CAN
REPRODUCE ANYTHING
WITH RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS.

GEE, THAT LOOKS LIKE
FUN. I'M GOING TO OR-
DER ME A KIT TODAY!



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HOW
JUST

TWO WORDS

TURNED MAC
INTO A

HE-MAN!

MAYBE WE BETTER
GO INSIDE.
HERE COMES THAT
BIG GORILLA, GUS!

'FRAID HE'LL
BITE YOU
LITTLE BOY?

WELL, "SKINNY MAC"
RUN ALONG NOW--
ALICE AND I
ARE STEPPING OUT!

BUT ALICE
HAS A DATE
WITH ME!

MAYBE SHE DID
HAVE ONE BUT
NOT NOW!--YOU
WEAKLING!

SORRY MAC--
BUT I CAN'T HELP
IT IF YOU'RE SO
HELPLESS!

"YOU WEAKLING" HE CALLED ME!
I'LL MAKE HIM EAT THOSE
TWO WORDS! I'LL SEND FOR
CHARLES ATLAS' FREE BOOK
AND FIND OUT HOW TO BE A
REAL HE-MAN!

L
A
T
E
R

BOY! ATLAS REALLY BUILDS
MEN **FAST**--JUST LOOK AT THOSE
MUSCLES! NOW WATCH ME
SHOW UP THAT BIG "SHOW OFF."

WHAT! YOU HERE
AGAIN? SCRAM!
BEFORE I--

OH
YEAH?

WHAM

OH MAC, YOU'RE
WONDERFUL!
WHAT A **HE-MAN**
YOU GOT TO BE!

I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too —in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If you (like Mac), are fed up with being "pushed around"—If you're sick and tired of having the kind of a body that people PITY instead of ADMIRE—then give me just 15 minutes a day! That's all I need to PROVE I can make you a NEW MAN!

I know what I'm talking about. I was once a thin, peepless, 97 pound "bag of bones," my self. Then I discovered my now-famous secret, "Dynamic Tension." It turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I have used this secret to rebuild thousands of other scrawny, half-alive weaklings into perfect, red-blooded specimens of real HE-MANHOOD. Let me prove that I can do the same for YOU!

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy NATURAL method will

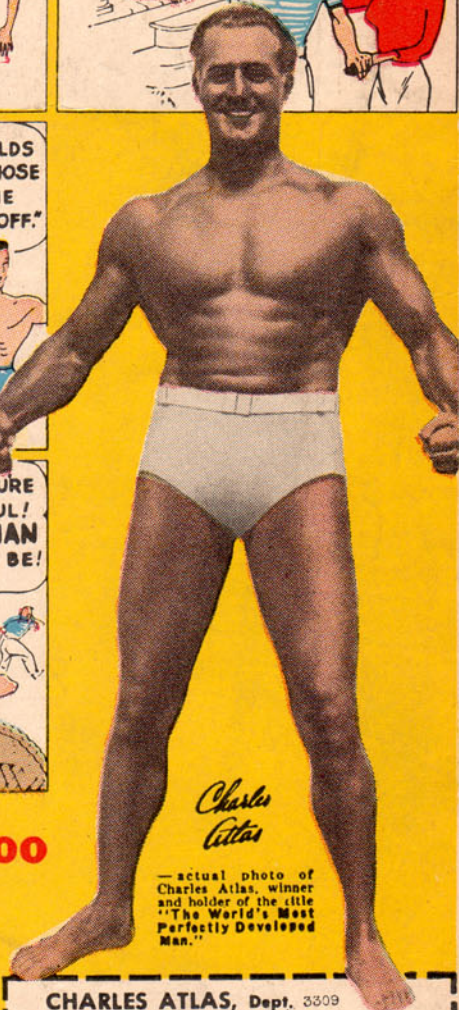
make you a finer specimen of REAL MANTHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

I don't care how old or young you are or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension." Shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU! Don't put it off! Address me personally Charles Atlas, Dept. 3309 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.



*Charles
Atlas*

—actual photo of
Charles Atlas, winner
and holder of the title
"The World's Most
Perfectly Developed
Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3309
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name..... Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone No. (if any)..... State.....